

Heal the Sick and Cleanse the Lepers as you Preach the Gospel.

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE,

OLD CHANGE, CHEAPSIDE,

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1851,

IN AID OF

THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS R. EVEREST,

RECTOR OF WICKWAR.

DEDICATED TO WILLIAM LEAF, ESQ.

"Suffer me that I may speak: and after that I have spoken, mock on."

Job xxi. 3.

LONDON:

AYLOTT & JONES, 8, PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. HEADLAND, PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE; EDINBURGH: OLIVER AND BOYD.

1851.

828010

LONDON:

THOMAS HARRILD, PRINTER, SILVER STREET,
FALCON SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THERE are certain views developed in this discourse for which the author bespeaks an attentive consideration from every reader of whatever class, who desires to see the human race speedily attain to that measure of improvement of which they are capable. It was a wise maxim of antiquity, which the reader will perhaps urge in reply, "*Quam quisque norit artem in hâc se exerceat.*" The one beloved friend who possessed real "knowledge" on the subject sleeps quiet for the present in the *Cimetière Montmartre*. The present writer has nothing to say for himself other than this, that for the last eighteen years of his life he has been more or less conversant with Homœopathy, and that he has, moreover, had some advantages which, if they had happened to one more capable of profiting by them, might have been turned to account, and which, even in his case, have not been entirely lost. For if they have done nothing else, they have at least stamped deeply in his mind, as the result of all he has received, heard, seen, known, and done, a profound and solemn conviction, which every year and every new fact tends to confirm, that this great science of Homœopathy is destined, ere long, to effect a total change, not merely in the art of curing disorder—THAT is a very small part of its domain, and one that every year will diminish—but in the opinions, habits, happiness, and destinies of mankind. It struck the author, many years ago, that if such would be really the effect of a proper understanding of the meaning of the words "cure of disorder," and a proper application of remedies, so as to bring about in the constitution of man all the changes for the better which they are capable of producing, it was not likely the sacred pages of the Word of God would be quite silent on

the subject. He believes that in the words of the text, which, as being the solemn command of our Lord to his disciples when He sent them forth to preach the Gospel, must needs contain some most important injunction, the explanation of the difficulty will be found. It is for the reader to judge.

With respect to the science itself he would fain add a few words.

It is as a means of curing actual illness that Homœopathy is for the present chiefly known. To judge fairly of the effects of any system in such cases, it is not enough to have a few isolated cases laid before one ; unless under very peculiar circumstances, such cases prove little. But statistics are a never failing, never doubtful test of such things. The author therefore most earnestly begs of the reader into whose hands these pages may come, to compare for himself the statistics of the Homœopathic Hospital, which he will find regularly given in the *Homœopathic Times*, with those of the other Hospitals. He can then form his opinion as to the value of Homœopathy as a science of cure, under every possible disadvantage ; and if he finds, as he surely will, that Homœopathy, even in its cradle, is strangling the serpents against which the old science in all its strength can do little or nothing, then let him do his duty to his neighbour, enrol his name as a subscriber to the Hahnemann Hospital, and use his influence to bring about the establishment of another principle, as valuable and as important as that on which the science is founded, viz. that no more medicine shall, under any pretence, be administered to man than the minimum amount sufficient to place and keep the machinery of his frame in normal working order.

DEDICATION.

MY DEAR MR. LEAF,

To whom can I dedicate this Sermon with so much propriety as to one of the earliest of the advocates of Homœopathy, the most munificent of its patrons, and the kindest of private friends? Let me add another reason still, viz. that without you, this Sermon never would have been preached. The great solemn Truth it declares, viz. that the healing of the bodily ailments, and the cleansing of the physical leprosy of man should, in all cases, accompany the preaching of the Gospel, will be received as all new truths are by mankind—recognised by a few, denied, contradicted, scorned, fiercely denounced, carped at, joked about, ridiculed, perverted and distorted in a thousand ways by those who are too idle, too prejudiced, or too ignorant to comprehend it, and then be finally,—and that ere long,—admitted everywhere as the basis of all moral and religious teaching. Meanwhile we have a short interval at our disposal, before the world calls imperiously for homœopathic treatment for the YOUNG and the IGNORANT, as well as the sick: and in that interval let us try and disseminate a more correct idea of what Homœopathy really is. I have said that the science of Homœopathy is able to do all it promises

and much more. But I have nowhere said that the homœopathic practitioners are able to carry out all those promises. My opinion of the powers of the science is formed from an intimate acquaintance with Hahnemann, from seeing some of his practice, from my having attended the dispensary of my friend Dr. Chartron at Paris, and from seeing something of its effects among the poor of my own parish, and more particularly among the young. But I am by no means prepared to say that because a man dubs himself a homœopathic doctor, that therefore he is qualified to fulfil what the science itself promises. The cure of a chronic disease, that is, the eradication of the leprous taint, is entirely a thing apart. And if I am to judge from the cases which are published, I must add that I see hitherto no reason to suppose that any very precise notions on the subject of the proper treatment of chronic disease have been disseminated. Hahnemann has told us that the cure of an acute attack is, under all ordinary circumstances, the easiest thing in the whole world ; but that to cure a chronic disorder, to eradicate the chronic tendencies whether hereditary or acquired, is indeed a work requiring more than ordinary skill—nay, that it is one of the most, if not *the* most, difficult problems that man has before him. He has laid down in his Organon, however, certain rules by which the cure of both acute and chronic disorders may be much facilitated. The great misfortune is that nobody reads the Organon, or, which is the same thing, nobody pays any attention to its warnings. And as Homœopathy is likely soon to endure as dreadful an irruption of allopathic doctors as ever there happened of the Huns, each filled up to the brim with all the insensate learning of

the old school, and insisting on building up the new house with the old rubbish ; and each, because the legislature has called him a doctor, empowered to do what he likes, I cannot help fancying that Homœopathy, which in Hahnemann's hands was the sweetest, the gentlest, the most charming, and the most precious art in the world, is likely soon to degenerate into something but little better than the old system.

It is now about twelve years ago that I was sitting with Hahnemann in a corner of his large drawing-room in the Rue de Milan. It was on the evening of his birthday, and a large company had assembled to offer their felicitations to the great Master. Among other things I remarked to him, rather idly perhaps, that great discoveries were rarely appreciated during the lifetime of their authors, and that he ought to feel proud and grateful to Providence that he had been permitted to live long enough to see his noble science established in the world. "Established !" he replied, "my science is not established in the world. I wish the name of Hahnemann were forgotten for ever, if only instead I could hope that true Homœopathy would be established. It is not difficult to foresee that before many years are passed illustrious men in many parts of the world will meet on this day to do honour to the name of the discoverer of Homœopathy. But when I reflect on the total ignorance of mankind on the subject of cure, on the enormous errors of the present art of medicine, on the studies, opinions, axioms, and practice of those from whom converts to Homœopathy will necessarily proceed, on the difficulty of making them comprehend the new science, on the difficulty of choosing the right remedy, and on the fatal facility of large doses, I am persuaded

that three centuries or more must elapse before what I mean by Homœopathy is established in the world; and therefore I can assure you that I feel very little gratification at being what you call appreciated.”

Such is the sense, though not perhaps the very words, of what Hahnemann said to me then. I have too often since had occasion to reflect on it, not to remember well what he said. At the time I did not understand him. I thought Dr. Blank and Dr. Sevenstars, whose names were so often met with in the homœopathic journals, were deeply imbued with the principles of the great new science. Time and reflection and some years of intimacy with the glorious old man have altered my views. The first part of his prophecy is just in course of fulfilment. As I told you the other evening, speaking of him,—

TIBI maturos largimur honores
Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

But *I fear the remaining part of his prediction is as surely in course of fulfilment. I see no reason now to doubt that centuries must elapse before mankind can comprehend what Hahnemann has discovered.

You say, with your usual invariable kindness, Tell us then yourself, what is to be done? Well then, once for all, this is to be done. The Organon is the work in which all the truths, axioms, and principles of true Homœopathy are laid down. Let them, at any rate until they be disproved, be the guide for all those who profess Homœopathy. In that wonderful work itself and the fair and legitimate conclusions to be deduced from it, what we may call its COROLLARIES, is to be found all that is necessary for the establishment of the

great science in its purity. But who reads it? "Everybody," you reply. Who steers by it? Do you reply, everybody. Let us see.

The entrance of the haven of cure of disorder is beset with sunken rocks. On some of the chief ones Hahnemann has placed beacons. The first of these rocks is the choice of a wrong medicine. The great Master has placed on that rock this beacon—*Similia similibus curentur*: Let like be treated by like. His disciples have translated *curo* by our word to cure; and changed his advice into the law, Like cures like. Now in some cases that is true, and in some cases it is not true. Like should ALWAYS be treated by like; but like does not CURE like, unless all the conditions as to circumstances, quality, &c., be present; nor unless all the corrections necessary be applied. In short, every law of Nature requires certain corrections before it can be applied to practice; and this one is no exception. Abstractedly, it is true that like cures like; but practically it is like the observation of the place of a star, untrue until certain corrections are applied. The disciples of Hahnemann do not search for those corrections, and so an abstract truth becomes in their hands a practical falsehood. Does any man suppose that the true place of a star is where he sees it to be? No, no! he must apply certain corrections for aberration, parallax, and so on; and even so it is with the law "Like cures like." Apply the proper corrections and it is true. Without them it is not necessarily always true. Hahnemann knew all this, and instead of saying *Similia similibus sanantur*, he said *Similia similibus curentur*. Let like be treated by like.

Now most of the corrections necessary, with one or

two exceptions, are to be found in or deduced from the Organon. Some of them are very obvious, some of them require more labour to discover. I will mention a few of them. The first is that you select the remedy which is appropriate to the whole of the symptoms and not to a part of them. You will say at once that this is manifest. Yes, but in what cases is it attended to? You will see at once that it excludes the use of Aconite, for instance, in almost every case in which it is now employed. Take as an example a case of scarlet fever. You begin with Aconite to destroy the feverish state that accompanies it. What then? What remains? A scarlet eruption WITHOUT FEVER! Is Belladonna homœopathic to *that*? No! you can find no agent in Nature that produces a scarlet eruption similar to that of scarlet fever, without any fever. So by the exhibition of Aconite you have destroyed the homœopathicity of your true remedy, and left behind a complaint which has no analogy in Nature; and then children have long tedious convalescences, and the parents are gravely told what a cure has been made. Look at small-pox in the same way. Does Aconite produce an eruption similar to it? No! Then how does it act? In small doses it diminishes the feverish state, and leaves an eruption which must be of longer duration, because there is then no agent in Nature homœopathic to it when the feverish state connected with it is obliterated. In too large doses, too frequently repeated, it flogs up the whole system to a violent state of excitement, and then the body becomes covered with an enormous eruption, which without the Aconite never would have been there; and then again we hear of the "great cure." Now it may be deduced from the Organon that Aconite should be very rarely used; that

it is seldom wanted at all ; that it almost always does most extensive mischief by destroying the homœopathicity of the true remedy ; and in fact, excepting in cases of pure inflammatory fever, pneumonia, and one or two other disorders, should be cautiously avoided. Hahnemann indeed told me that, excepting in pure inflammatory fever, he knew no case where it was wanted. Now look at all our Manuals, read all our cases, and ask yourself what sort of system of medicine we are establishing. I assure you seriously that, absurd as the old system is, it is not much more injurious than this.

Next let us speak of another correction. Like only cures like, when the proper medicine IN PROPER QUANTITY is employed. Too much medicine is a very fatal rock on which many poor patients sink. The great Master has made clear what every one ought to do in this respect. You should feel your way carefully out to the very smallest quantity with which you can cure—but then you must be sure you have the true remedy. If you can cure with four globules, you should try three next, and then two, and then one ; and then increase the quantity of water, or try new modes of rendering your medicine less active, until you have arrived at the least dose with which you can cure. What is done instead ? We invent drops, pilules, and try how much medicine a patient will bear, not how little will suffice for him. Now just let me trace out for you the result of this practice ; you may see it often enough in the published cases.

You are called in to a patient in some acute attack ; we will suppose that a very small globule of a certain medicine, dissolved in eight ounces of water, and a tea-

spoonful given twice or three times a day would have relieved him; we will suppose also that you give him a drop or two, a pilule or two, a "pinch" of globules instead. Well, what happens? the intensity of the whole disorder is violently increased; you mistake that increase for natural malady, and you continue to apply more of that same medicine, not seeing that if a little won't cure a great deal won't. And so, having excited a storm of symptoms, you pepper away at THEM; some horrible complaint comes on, and you work away still at your own storm. Even Dennis, at the theatre, the stupidest man on record, said when he heard the storm, "That's MY thunder!" But the homœopath does not know his own thunder. And after having excited a hurricane of disorder by his medicines, and brought his patients to the verge of the grave, he lets at last the storm die gradually out; and then the patient says to all his friends, "Wonderful thing Homœopathy! an able man Dr. Sevenstars! able man indeed!! Owe my life to Dr. Sevenstars and his great knowledge of Homœopathy."

I was totally unaware that Homœopathy could be thus perverted and made to imitate so ingeniously all the worst errors of the old system, until Hahnemann pointed it out to me. He read with me a case that had been lately published by one of his disciples as a splendid cure, and showed me how and where the Doctor, ignorant of the action of his own medicines, had given too much, and then treated his own storm; and so spun out to many weeks a case which ought to have lasted three or four days; and when at length the poor dear patient got out of it, trumpeted it forth to the world as a grand case. After that I had many opportunities of seeing similar wretched work, and he

used to show me how and when the medicine should have been suspended; and reading, by the light of his remarks, the cases now published, I can assure you the same thing is frequently happening still. I am fully persuaded that not nearly so much mischief is occasioned by an error in the choice of remedies, as by an error in quantity. The one may be repaired easily; the other with great difficulty, even when discovered.

Next let me call your attention to the question of palliatives. Homœopathic practitioners seem to forget altogether that every medicine has two actions, a direct or primitive, and then a secondary action in the opposite direction. Now, when this secondary action is in the direction of any of the peculiar tendencies of the constitution, it aggravates it seriously. Suppose you give Aconite, *e. g.*, for any local inflammation as recommended; suppose your patient is delicate, weakly, or has been exhausted; your Aconite cures the local inflammation, but not being homœopathic to the whole of the symptoms, its secondary (or exhaustive) action falls in with the chronic tendency to asthenia, and the patient finds himself suffering much after it, without he or his doctor having the least notion of the reason why. This happens more especially with old people, and those in whom vitality is low. Hahnemann, indeed, pointed out to me one remarkable case, where a very able disciple of his had made this mistake in the case of an elderly patient, who was cured of some malady by Aconite. He predicted to me that the patient would soon die, and he did so. He was fairly the victim of consecutive action.

There are thus, as you see, many sunken rocks about the entrance of the harbour of cure. The chief one is

too much medicine ; almost everybody touches on that rock, many sink on it. My heart swells within me, and my blood boils, when I think of all the warning that is given in the Organon, and how nobody cares for that warning. The blind patient, led by the blind doctor, falls into a ditch, and people who know nothing of the question applaud and say, " what a wonderful case ! "

There are, moreover, many other sunken rocks, which it would be too long to point out. One rock is the administration of Sulphur in acute cases. " *Défiez vous de ce malheureux médicament,*" were Hahnemann's words to me. Its property is to excite the latent chronic tendencies, in order that they may be cured ; it should only be given therefore when the patients can support it ; that is, never when much nervous irritation exists ; never in cases of much radical weakness ; rarely and cautiously where there is a tendency to phthisis, and on no account whatever in acute cases. Now read the advice of various Manuals, and some of the cases published, and see what unnecessary miseries are caused by not studying the Organon.

What again is to be said to the economical patient who will have a list of medicines ordered for him, to be taken one after another until the whole catalogue is gone through. I say *patient*, for surely no medical man could have degraded the glorious science of Hahnemann into such a game of blind-man's buff as this would be. A man may, for all I know to the contrary, predict what weather it will be this day twenty years : but the man is not yet born who can predict what symptoms will show themselves in an individual who has been taking dynamic medicine for a week, so as to get an indication what is to be given next. Poor Hahnemann did not, after

all, die too soon for his own happiness, for it would have made him miserable to see his science made into a "grand lottery scheme," with nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand blanks to one prize. If patients insist on having six consultations for one fee, a medical man might surely reply, without giving offence, "The all-wise Creator has not given to me to know by intuition what effect will be produced by the present medicine or by other agents while you are taking it; and so, as I cannot tell what state you will be in, I really cannot prescribe for what I know nothing about."

There are others on which I have no time to touch, such as for instance the exhibition of two medicines in the same day. In a few very rare cases, where the reaction is very deficient, it may be permitted to try and suspend or moderate the action of one medicine by a similar one. It is a difficult matter; requires great judgment and skill; and is better left alone in all cases, unless a man is able to discriminate with great nicety between medicinal and morbid symptoms.

There is another, viz. the exhibition of the same dynamization twice. Every one who knows anything of Hahnemann knows that he was incessantly pointing out that the same dynamization should never be repeated, for that it never acted pleasantly, and always stirred up more or less storm in the system. Modern Homœopathy rushes through all the sage's precautions like a mad bull through a field of flowers.

Now the consequence of all these hideous mistakes is quite fatal in cases of chronic disease. In an acute case, you may contrive, however badly you act, to cure, because NATURE WON'T BE KEPT ILL, excepting in case of weakly persons. But it is right to say frankly that,

amidst these errors, chronic disorder cannot be cured. To palliate is easy enough ; but to eradicate the psoric miasm and cleanse the chronic taint of “disorder from leprosy” is a most difficult undertaking. It is only to be done by the very minutest possible doses, employed with the greatest accuracy according to fixed principles. Pillules, drops, too much medicine in any shape, palliatives—all these expedients to compensate for want of knowledge in chronic cases only render impossible that which was difficult before. There is here, moreover, another sunken rock of which few people know anything ; that is, that if once you have commenced on true principles a cure of chronic disorder, and, after having continued it for some time, suspend it, you have “dropped your stitch,” you will never again, at least without immense labour and loss of much valuable time, replace the constitution in the same position. A partial reaction ensues, and you strive in vain to pick up “your dropped stitch.” This too Hahnemann first warned me of. I have since had but too much reason to be convinced of its truth.

When you first proposed to found your Hospital for the cure of disorders “on the homœopathic principle,” I wrote to Lord Robert Grosvenor to say that so many corrections of that principle were required before it could be acted on, that it was quite insufficient. That letter naturally enough produced no result. Why should it ? But if once you can persuade mankind of this great truth, that the cleansing of the leprosy of the flesh should in all cases accompany the preaching of the Gospel, if that Gospel is to produce its proper effects on the heart and life and condition of man—in one word, that the physical disorder must be cured *with*

the moral disorder—we shall then find that the present practice of Homœopathy is utterly insufficient. It will, in fact, end in nothing but disappointment. All the knowledge of medicines in the world would be unavailing to cure chronic disorder, if those medicines are to be given as they are given at present, on no better principles, with no more precautions. Whosoever doesn't know “his own thunder,”—whosoever excites a storm of symptoms in a chronic case, and then treats his own storm, may just as well lock up his box and go out for a walk, for he will never succeed in doing much good to man.

What then, you ask, is to be done? Well! you and I have solemn duties to perform. I have done mine. I call out “Breakers ahead!” Engaged in duties which ought by rights to occupy the whole of my time, I have already stolen more hours than I ought to have done. Mine is

———— “Mere bookish theoric
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as me: mere prattle without practice.”

But I recollect a few of the lessons of my beloved Master. And I leave, as my “last words” to the public this warning. Medicines are those agents which applied on right principles, in proper quantities, to the human organism, CURE disorder; on wrong principles, or in too great quantity, they EXCITE disorder. Do not fancy they are inert. THAT they never are, or they would cease to be medicines. Therefore if you take what the constitution does not require, or what it does require in larger doses than it requires, you will surely suffer in consequence either in mind or body; it will cause some impulse, action, or sensation which is not normal. You

may not know enough of the pathogenesis of medicines to trace to its proper source the effects of these medicines ; but not the less are they present, and the world can never be what it ought to be until the principle is recognised and acted on, that every dose of medicine, every quantity, however small, of every pathogenetic agent applied to the organism, if it is not necessary to quell disorder, has a tendency to excite disorder, and therefore the object of all of us should be to take as little as we can do with, not as much as we can bear. And if you know a man who practises pure Homœopathy, not merely on the principle that like should be treated by like, but also on the principle that the least possible quantity capable of effecting the purpose should be given in each case ; who never gives palliatives ; who never mistakes medicinal action for natural disorder ; who never gives Aconite ; who never prescribes more than one medicine at once, and waits to see its effects before he prescribes another ; who never gives two medicines in the same day ; who never repeats the same dynamization, without at any rate a long interval ; every one of whose actions is based on common sense ; whose every thought and effort are directed to feel his way through the difficulties that beset him, to diminish the quantity of medicine given as much as possible, and to cause as much good, with as little suffering, as possible to his patient ; who holds drops, sugar-plums, pills, and the whole Sort of them in utter horror ; then you have found a man who, whatever he may do, interposes no obstacle between himself and the eradication of the chronic taint.

For you, my dear Mr. Leaf, whose unparalleled generosity and munificence about Homœopathy prove the interest you take in it, you can do this. You can use

your influence, which is as great as it deserves to be, that into the cure of every case of disorder treated at the Hahnemann Hospital this principle shall be introduced; that the least possible quantity of medicine requisite shall be the end and object of all the treatment and all the studies there; that no man shall give a drop or a pilule until it be proved that less would not suffice, that, in one word, the whole teaching of the whole staff shall be directed to investigate, not how much medicine each constitution will bear, but with how little each can be cured.

Do this, and millions of cleansed lepers and healed patients shall think of you. In the homes of the cured your bust shall stand with Hahnemann's. A grateful nation in times to come shall recognise your claims to honour; and your children's children shall say, I am the grandchild of him who freed mankind from the suffering caused by an unnecessary quantity of medicine, and enabled the Gospel to be preached and received in the world as it was intended to be received."

Believe me to be, my dear Mr. Leaf,

Very faithfully and truly yours,

THOS. R. EVEREST.

WICKWAR,
April 21, 1850.

A SERMON,

&c. &c.

“And as ye go, preach! saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.”—Matt. x. 7, 8.

THERE was once a time, brethren, when Primæval Night brooded over Chaos, and the earth slept on in comfortable darkness undisturbed. But change, progress, amelioration was the will of Him who in his inscrutable wisdom had left the earth the due time “without form and void.” He said, “Let light be! and light was.”—“Old things at His sign passed away. Behold! all things were made new.”

There was a time, before the preaching of the “Good Tidings of great Joy” to all people, when a darkness as comfortable lay lazily on the human species. I speak not so much of ignorance; that was, God knows, deep enough on the family of man; but it is rather to darkness as to his duties that I refer. For in ancient days before God had “communicated to the Gentiles also His word and will,” the highest morality of civilized nations seems to have been little better than that of the Ashantees or Mandingoes at present. There was, indeed, much stress laid by talking philosophers on a few high-sounding words. The duty of man to himself was, under several different disguises, carefully inculcated. They set before the willing minds of their hot-blooded youth the shining phantoms of fame, glory, patriotism, and I know not what

else ! Worthy objects truly to be proposed to man the immortal ! Fame to be acquired perhaps by running, leaping, or wrestling ! Glory to be won by spilling more blood with less compunction than others. Patriotism to be proved, not by wise legislation for the welfare of all, but by party madness at home or furious zeal against some harmless neighbour abroad. It is with a few sparkling bits of glass that the fowler catches larks. It was with such preposterous error that the youth of Athens and of Rome was dazzled ! What was the consequence ? “The whole creation groaned and travailed together in pain,” Man, savage or civilized, knew no real duty save that which instinct taught him—to himself. Where rude, a satyr ; where polished, an Epicurean ; where ignorant, a slave ; where learned, the master of slaves, Man, everywhere, followed where his appetites led him : the many, blindly and brutally ; the few, with a little more taste ; but ever with the same result,—the misery of himself and others. “The times of this ignorance God long winked at ;” but at last the hour struck which Infinite Wisdom had long ages beforehand determined. The True Light came into the world to reveal to man “life and immortality ;” to set before them objects worthy of being followed by a reasoning being with a deathless soul ; and to tell them and us that the first duty of man on earth is due to his God, and the second to his fellow-creatures.

The doctrines of the meek and lowly One met with just such a reception as might have been expected. The great men of the earth bore with that new teaching for FOUR LONG YEARS, and then silenced on the Cross the lips that dared audaciously to preach love to God and good-will toward man. But yet the seed was sown

whose harvest is not yet reaped. The time for change was come. The law of God brooked no failure. "Old things passed away—behold all things were made new." And listen I do beseech you, brethren, to the gracious words that proceeded out of the mouth of the blessed Son of God—words in which, in ages gone by, the Spirit of God predicted the New Covenant. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." And when in furtherance of the great new scheme he called unto Him his twelve disciples and sent them forth to evangelize the world, the very first power that he conferred on them was to "heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people;" and the very first charge he gave them was (mark it I beseech you, brethren, for no words fell from the lips of the Son of God that are not full of meaning) "Go to the lost sheep and as ye go PREACH! saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

Glorious and stirring words, brethren, which for nearly 1900 years have stood in the Book of God to be a light and a beacon to all mankind: a light that, alas! has never been comprehended by the darkness in which it shone; a Beacon to show the way to the true haven of the soul's rest, but which no man has steered by because no man knew its meaning. The lost sheep have been sought; the Gospel of the kingdom has been preached; but the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ have forgotten the power and the charge! God said, "Heal the sick as

you preach the kingdom," and we have not obeyed. "Cleanse the lepers as you preach the Gospel," and we have not understood. We thought the words of Him who "spake with authority," taught nothing, meant nothing, and could profit nothing. O fools, and slow of heart to believe! But I anticipate. The mission of man in this world is to do as much good as he can to his fellow-creatures. This is the high teaching of the Gospel. Salvation by faith in Jesus is the free gift of God to man. Love to each other is the free gift of man to his neighbour. The one is the grace of God to man; the other is the grace of man to man. The grace of God is, that He so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. The grace of man to man is, that he love his neighbour as himself: that he heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, preach the Gospel, and give as he has received, freely and fully. Now until "God manifest in the flesh" taught this to man, he never found it out. The deep meditations of Socrates never resulted in his calling together the Athenians and proposing to them to educate the poor or free the slaves. The groves of Academus never heard Plato make a speech in favour of Ragged Schools. There is not extant in all the writings of Pagan authors one passage from which it could be inferred that any one of these prating Peripatetics ever imagined such a thing as that the poor should be cared for. And now look round you and see what, in this one city, the New Covenant between God and man, imperfectly received and very imperfectly understood, has yet been able to do. Yea, verily, brethren, "the leaven has leavened somewhat of the lump" already. The seed

has not fallen on altogether a barren land. The preached Word, most miserably misunderstood as it is, has yet struck one spark of pure fire from our hard nature and stamped on this age more than on any previous one the impress of a certain consciousness that there is, after all, such a thing enforced in Scripture as a duty to our neighbour.

It is the working of this spirit, brethren, which has called us together this day, and which will, I trust, embolden me to speak rather more freely than I should do were it not for this conviction. A new science leads us on to new duties and new exertions; and he who, nominated by your kind partiality to preach on behalf of your excellent charity, would fitly advocate its claims, must, in discussing so new a topic, to a certain extent quit the beaten track of a charity sermon. May that God who is Love show us all His ways; teach us His paths; lead us into His truth; and communicate to us somewhat of that great truth pregnant with great results which lies in the words, "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils."

Now brethren, it is hardly possible, I think, to read these words (in which our Lord addressed his disciples previously to their departure on their mission), without being struck with a conviction that something serious, something solemn, is meant by them. Read the passage in St. Matthew's Gospel; read it in St. Luke:^{a*} what a solemn stress laid by such a Being, at such a time, on such words! Preach the Gospel to the whole world you and your successors, but be sure you heal the sick. What can it mean? Tell mankind about the immortal soul within them; tell them of heaven and hell; tell them of the judgment day; tell them that the

* See notes at the end.

hour is coming in which the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth—they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, they that have done evil unto the resurrection of condemnation ; tell them how sin ruined man and grace restored him ; and that God so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son Jesus Christ that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life ; but with all this, heal the sick and cleanse the lepers ! Why, what can it mean ? The sick, one might think, will be sure to get healed if they can. Why make the healing of them a great Christian duty—nay THE great Christian duty ? Preach the Gospel but, mind, heal the sick ! Why yoke together two such apparently incongruous matters ? Is the preaching of the Gospel not enough ALONE ? For that Gospel includes every office that man can do for his neighbour. The Gospel of itself teaches us that man's mission on earth is to love his brother. Why from among the whole vast range of human duties pick out ONE, and that, too, one which a man will assuredly get done for himself if he can,—and link it thus inseparably to the preaching of the Gospel ? “ Preach the Gospel ” of itself means not only preach repentance for the past, amendment for the future, faith in Christ, and forgiveness of sins ; but besides that, it means educate, instruct, improve, renew ; banish from the earth all that defiles and destroys ; introduce all that decorates and delights ; sow the earth's surface with all sweet flowers ; make love to God the first thought of man and his first duty, and love to man his second thought and duty ; lighten the load of human misery in every way ; bind up the broken-hearted ; dry the tear ; free the slave ; proclaim equal rights, equal

laws, and temperate liberty maintained by mild justice. Why add to this, which already contains in itself every blessing man can want, such words as “Heal the sick and cleanse the lepers?” CLEANSE THE LEPERS? Why pick out disease at all from amongst all the ills of man? And if so, why THAT particular one? Why not blindness or madness, the stone or the dropsy, rheumatism or the gout?

Bear with me, brethren, while in such a manner as the limits of a sermon will permit I try by God’s help to clear up the difficulty and explain the words. If any of us had to reason with a fellow-creature on the folly and danger of the course he was pursuing—if we had to convince him that the life he was leading was totally opposed to his own happiness—would it be a favourable time to choose for the purpose when he was intoxicated? Should we be likely to persuade him when under the excitement of alcoholic stimulus? Could he use his reason then? Could he listen then to remonstrance or entreaty? Have the kindlier feelings—have the gentler aspirations of our nature anything like fair play at such a time? Is not, on the contrary, every avenue closed, by which truth could get to the heart? Is not the reason quite closed in in “mail of proof?” Is not the heart case-hardened against all gentler impressions? Can you convert when a man cannot listen?—argue with that which cannot understand? Are the means which God has placed in man’s power for the conversion of the race to holiness likely (humanly speaking) to be of any avail at all if employed at such a time? There can be but one answer to such questions. The gentle influences of Gospel truth can awaken no echo in a man in such a state. You must wait until his normal state

returns ; you must wait until the restorative powers of vitality having thrown off the artificial disturbance of the system the heart can listen to counsel and receive reason and imbibe the sweet and wholesome truths of the Gospel, against which human nature is so prone at all times to rebel, and far more so when intoxicated.

Long and arduous perhaps may be under any circumstances the struggle, before corrupt human nature will resign itself AT ALL to the soberness of reason and Gospel teaching ; but with no chance whatever of success will that struggle be, if you engage in it only when the natural tendencies to evil are aggravated, stimulated, and boiling over. Love makes no nest in such a heart at such a time.

It might indeed seem almost superfluous to argue such a question ; nor should I but as an illustration of something else. Let us next suppose that a man adopts into his daily diet some one of those many stimulating foods which Society in its ignorance employs. Of course the same results, though in a minor degree, would follow. The natural aversion of the human heart to receive truth would be augmented. You could not entertain the same hope of converting a man to the gentle truth and reason and softness of disposition of the Gospel. The excited nerves, the vexed brain, the hurried pulse, the inflamed eye, alas ! from whatever cause they spring, HERE is no place for those twin harmonies the love of God and the love of man to make their home in. The state of such an one is non-receptive ; repellent of the holy calm of reason and the Gospel. Here dwell anger and malice, hatred and revenge, self-will, prejudice, obstinacy : all fierce passions ; all blind and unholy enthusiasms ; all that

hates God and God hates ; all ungentle dispositions, all unrighteous hopes ; longings that consume, lusts that destroy. Such a state turns from your “preached word” as the lion would turn from milk to blood. The tones of love are too low to be audible by such ears. The holy dew of grace wets no such fleece as that !

What does all this teach us, brethren ? Why, that the best state for the reception of the Gospel is one of calm pure harmonious health of mind and body. THERE such a sky-born flower as Love strikes root the surest and blooms the sweetest. For by whatever cause the disturbance of which we have been speaking is produced, whether by food, stimulating medicines, or natural malady, the result must be the same. Wherever the action of the mechanical parts and pieces whose totality forms the body is in discordant working, there the influence of that discord (if not otherwise, at any rate by sympathetic action on the brain) produces usually (or, more correctly, invariably) discord of the reasoning powers,—affections and actions which have no strain of harmony. Then the man, averse enough to truth by the corrupt nature which he derived from Adam, becomes from the disturbance of his material mechanism still more averse to it. The seed falls on ground where it has less chance than ever of taking root. It is hard enough for the natural man even in health to exercise his reason, discern the truth, and receive the things of God. But when the natural tendencies to error are interwoven with all the abnormal workings of disturbed health, when MATERIAL Disorder intertwines with spiritual discord, the harmony of the Gospel has less chance than ever of being heard.

Then, brethren, if all this be so,—and so it is! and so we know it to be—do we not now begin to understand more clearly the value of the Lord's injunction **HEAL THE SICK**? It means, “sow over this earth the seeds of gentleness, and goodness, and love, and peace, and good-will; but first **PREPARE THE SOIL**, or you will reap but a scanty harvest. It means, preach to every creature the Gospel of salvation; but first give to every creature a fair chance of hearing it. It means, teach godliness, and goodness, and piety, and meekness, and temperance; but first remove all the obstacles you can to their reception. It means, prepare men's hearts to be a dwelling for love, and grace, and faith, and hope; but first sweep clean those hearts of the evil spirits which cling to disordered health, and haunt ruined constitutions. It means, put at rest the nerves and calm the brain, in order that the blessed Gospel may drive out bad passions from the heart of man and the Holy Spirit dwell in his body as a fitting temple. In the early days of the Christian Church God gave the disciples power to cure all diseases; but as that Church gained strength its miraculous powers were withdrawn, and the Faith of Jesus was left with nothing to rely on but the truths it taught and the blessings it conferred, to make its way through hosts of enemies. And with all other miraculous powers ceased also this gift of healing, and men were left to their own natural resources, to preach the Gospel of salvation but at the same time to **HEAL THE SICK**. They misunderstood the command, and so a change came over the whole spirit of Christianity. The pure Faith of Jesus was preached by lazy monks and foolish friars, with the holy words of grace on their lips, and the

Inquisition to lend weight to their arguments. Ancient Night resumed her sway. Instead of striving to learn how to fulfil Christ's commandments and heal the sick before they preached the Gospel, men preached the Gospel sword in hand and burned any one who doubted if fire and sword were fitting emblems of God's grace to man and man's love to his neighbour. And the art of cure, disconnected from the Gospel, fell into the same Egyptian darkness; learned nothing; taught nothing; did nothing; became a hireling; sold itself for fee and recompense; retailed^b purgatives by the pound and plaisters by the yard; took no part in humanizing, civilizing, or evangelizing the world; but lay rather on the energies of man, like Etna on Enceladus, heavy, ponderous, and full of fury itself, but suppressing all movement in others; a fit companion for that teaching which would propagate the holy doctrines of salvation by fire and faggot, and rear the sweet and blessed edifice of grace and love on the holy text of pike and gun. 'The priest of Jesus blessed the banner of contending armies, but tore from their hands the Bible; and the healer of disorder prepared the mind for the reception of grace, by using every known means of throwing the machinery of the body into disturbance. Clouds and "darkness that might be felt" had gathered round the holy child of heaven and her handmaid:

AFFLAVIT DEUS ET DISSIPABANTUR.

Old things partly passed away. Printing came, and spell-bound Europe awoke to think, to learn, to act. The principles of the Gospel resumed in part their

sway over the heart: and to do our duties to our fellow-creatures became once more the basis of all practical religion; and amidst many difficulties and inconsistencies, amidst quarrels, discord, wars, tumults, divisions, separations; amidst furious intolerance, blind zeal, unholy hatreds, and complete ignorance of the art of medicine, that maxim has ever slowly gained strength and support; and we have been ever since gradually coming to a clearer conviction that our business on earth, next to the saving of souls, is to ameliorate the condition of others; to “bear each other’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;” to do good, in one word, every one to the utmost of his power.

But is the world yet what Christ, nay, what Christian people would have it? is it what the Gospel ought to make it? Look round you at that world; it is heaving with fermenting passions, like the yeasty ocean! Nay, here, in this England of ours, who can, who dares reveal to us the real state of society? We hide it all in the dust and bustle of our business; we build crystal palaces to amaze the world; we show admiring nations the mansions of our nobility; but we draw a veil over our gaols and our hulks and our penitentiaries. Windsor Castle is close at hand; but Norfolk Island is quite as real though too far off to see. Nay, brethren, let us hide it all for very shame: our lunatic asylums, our whippings, our convict system, and our whimsical notion of mending^c a criminal by hanging him. Gorgeous luxury and a prodigious bustle and glitter are in our streets; they are merely a coating of leaf-gold over the crimes and misery of millions.

And what has caused the Gospel to bring forth

nothing better than this? Why does its calm, gentle, pleasant teaching of love and unity end in furious wars between rival sects? What demon, again, planted Newgate near Exeter Hall? What has the Treadmill,—what has the Solitary Cell, to do under the very nose of the Bible Society and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge? Ministers of Jesus, Christian shepherds and Christian flocks, you have forgotten the great eternal precept!—you have forgotten that when sin came into the world, death came, and sickness came too, and that therefore there is an inevitable link between the corruption of the nature and the disorder of the frame of man! You have forgotten, that to preach the Gospel truly, you must HEAL THE SICK AND CLEANSE THE LEPERS; and then, but not before, you will be able to “raise the dead” in trespasses and sins, ignorance, crime, and vice, and “cast out the devils” of stormy passions, foaming lusts, and furious hatreds. There was once a marriage made in heaven, but you put asunder those whom God joined together when you separated the healing of the sick from the preaching of the Gospel, and made two Professions out of that which Jesus made one; and therefore it is that the art of cure, separated from the holy principle of love, has lost its way, and fallen into foul company, and consorted with all unloveable things,—cathartics, moxa, the lancet, emetics and blisters. And therefore, too, the Gospel, parted from its earthly yokefellow, and preached by those who share in the sickness and leprosy of the race, has succeeded so partially, and brought forth the harvest of contradictions that you see in the Christian world.

This is not the time or the place to discuss the truth

or falsehood of medical doctrines, or it would be easy to show how the art of cure, once divorced from the Gospel, has turned its arms against it, and lashed into fury those passions which it ought to have calmed ; how, resting on no axioms, grounded on no principles, based on no law of God, it has continued to apply to the irritable frame of man powerful agents, without any knowledge of their ultimate effects ; how, based on fallacies, its foundations ever shifting according to the fancies of each succeeding age, as the quicksand shifts, merely for the destruction of all who trust to it, it has steered an erratic course through every folly for which the tortured brain could find a theory, and the ransacked language a name. This is not the place,—this is not the time to trace the art of cure from its cradle in Egypt through ancient dogmatism, by the way of dialectics and book learning, through its various schools, the empiric, the methodic, the pneumatic, the eclectic, the Galenic, the Arabic ; through all the mazes of iatro-mathematics, dynamism, animism, chemism, to its last resting-place, the congenial pages of the LANCET. But this is the place and the time to ask, how have mankind profited by all these theories ? and this is the place and the time to answer, that every one of them has resulted in some ingenious method of procuring a violent evacuation of some of the fluids of the body, and so depressing vitality.

What ! is this the precious handmaid of the Holy Child of heaven ? Is this the true yokefellow for the preaching of the Gospel ? Is this the herald and help meet of the kingdom of grace ? Is THIS the system which is to prepare the soil for the growth of love to God and man ? Are all these terrible studies of our

medical schools, these cuttings and tearings, these blisterings and burnings of men's nerves, dissections, anatomy, operations, bleeding, violent cathartics, the knife and the saw, the mercury in solid masses that destroys all hope of peace in this world for ever, all these distracting neuralgias caused by large doses of violent medicines, all this miserable shaking to pieces of the house of the soul, all this fierce assault of the body, as if the seat of the malady were to be escaladed and carried by storm like Badajoz—is all this LOVE AND GRACE? Why! can this really be what the merciful Jesus meant when, full of love to man, He said, HEAL THE SICK? Ah! brethren, ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures! THIS is the art of cure, as it was before the time of Psammeticus! This is a leaf out of the Embre, not out of the Gospel! This might suit with the teaching of Hermes Trismegistus, but not for that of Jesus of Nazareth! No! brethren, no! the art of cure that is to be a fit handmaid for the preaching of the Gospel must be of some kin to it. It must be based on the same principles; it must spring from the same motives; it must develope itself in the same results.^d It must be a very incarnation of “peace on earth and goodwill to man.” It must not come in storm and wrath, laden with “fury poured out,” “cutting” and “sawing” away the results of peccant action in the frame, heralded by alarm, followed by agony, making the nerves to quiver and the brain to seethe, disturbing the intellect, distracting the attention, hardening the heart, distorting the judgment, a mere prodrome, either of unbelief or else of an unhealthy, sour, bitter sectarian reception, of the Gospel. It must come, instead, gentle, soft, sweet, refreshing;

olive-bearing like the dove, full of joy, full of hope, scattering blessings as the spring does roses ; meek-eyed, kind-hearted, lowly, promise-laden ; its feet “ shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace ; ” a messenger sent to prepare, in the sick man’s heart, a lodging for “ another and a better Comforter.” It must come “ to do the work of an evangelist.” It must come a herald of the kingdom of grace, with a herald’s emblems, wearing no sharp steel, innocent of offence. Not one theory must hang about it to flutter the most delicate nerves ; not one word to ruffle the most timid maiden modesty ; not one practice to alarm the most shrinking child. Its errand must be mercy ; its means, love ; its object, peace ; its emblem, hope. It must come like music on the waters, all harmony, softness, beauty, and grace, fresh from heaven, redolent of salvation, fit harbinger of the “ Good News of great Joy.”

Such should be the art of cure which is meant for man ; and such is that^e which, this day for the first time, comes to ask for your support. Bear with me while I endeavour to lay before you some of its claims to that support.

There is in every man’s constitution a weak place. There is in the machinery of every one a tendency to err somewhere ; a tendency to abnormal working in some part of the system. One, *e. g.*, has a leaning to the gout ; another to consumption ; another to insanity ; and so on. Few or none are quite evenly balanced. If medical men had quietly investigated the laws of Nature, they would have found just that which lies hidden in the pages of the First Covenant which God made with man, and is still more distinctly pointed out in the

latter Covenant, viz., that in that very leprosy^t which Moses so emphatically warns the world to beware of, and Jesus so emphatically orders those who preach the Gospel to CURE, is to be found the source of all or most chronic disturbance. The taint of leprosy is, as Scripture has hinted and investigation has, within these few years, shown, the parent of all these chronic tendencies, these cachexies, these scrofulas, these atrophies, this sterility, this atony, this gout, this rheumatism, this phthisis, this hereditary insanity with all its hydra heads and multiform shapes and shades, dark passions, furious lusts, stubborn obstinacies, scowling tempers, suicidal manias, gloomy revenges, gnawing jealousies, fretfulness, ill-humour ; in short, all the various aberrations of mind, and reluctance to bear patiently the burdens which the Lord lays on man. All these chronic tendencies to disorder do combine and interlace with the natural corruption, the taint derived from Adam ; and who, save God alone, shall say where one begins and the other ends ? The tendency to disorder of the functions aggravates the tendency to sin. The chronic taint in the constitution increases the chronic proneness to sin which Adam left us. The physical leprosy of the flesh unites with the moral leprosy of the soul. It is this combination of the two, aided often by stimuli, and almost always by large doses of violent inappropriate medicines antecedently given (medicines which a child may put into the constitution, but which ten men could not get out of it again), which festers in your gaols, rots in your hulks, seethes in your lanes and alleys, and bubbles up in crime, madness, and eccentricity all over your land. This it is which makes your atheist on the one hand, your bigot on the other.

This it is which feeds the flame of folly everywhere all over the earth, placed Simon on his pillar, sent the world on Crusades, lights the Suttee ;—nay, why travel eastward ? which here, in this our own land, gave disciples to Johanna Southcote, creates Mormons, peoples Agapemone, begets holy jackets and bleeding pictures, and confounds God's reasonable heritage with crime, guilt, lust, passion, disease, distress, lunacy, folly, idiocy !^s

At the fall of man sin entered into the soul and disorder into the physical frame (with which that soul is connected) at the same moment. God sent his Son to repair the mischief, and He bade his ministers “ preach the Gospel, and heal the sick ;” that is, cure the moral disorder and the physical disorder together ; and for 1900 years that precious wisdom has cried in the streets unheard. The preacher of the Gospel, not aware that that Gospel could never have free course until the physical leprosy of man was cleansed and his chronic tendencies cured, has handed over to a separate Profession the business with which his Lord entrusted him. And that Profession, unconscious of its privileges, its duties, its powers, has ; so to speak, ignored the whole question. It leaves those mad whom it might have cured, or it maddens men by large doses of powerful medicines ; and then we wonder at the crimes and folly that mark the career of man.

Let us be assured, brethren, that there is in the Gospel of Jesus a life, a power, a spirit, which is so much in harmony with man's happiness and brings with it so much good, that if it had been understood by those who teach it and had had fair play it would long ago have altered the whole face of society. But in spite

of Moses, in spite of Jesus, in spite of the law of Nature, alike deaf to God's voice and blind to facts, the medical Profession has left the leprosy of the flesh to entwine itself with the leprosy of the soul. Between the two, man's tendencies to sin are increased by the disorder of his reason caused by the abnormal working of his machinery; and the Gospel finds in that individual in whom God intended that all should be normal, but with whom it can only communicate by means of nerves in a chronic state of irritation and a brain in discordant working, not a gentle convert, but a hardened criminal, a perverse unbeliever, a furious fanatic, or an eccentric, unreasoning lunatic.

But old things are passed away, behold all things are made new unto us. Let us now see what the new system proposes to do for the human race.

The education of man should be adapted to his condition, that is to say, it should be threefold: physical, moral and religious, and then intellectual. The first has been quite omitted, as if no such thing were wanted or possible; the second has been almost neglected, as if such a thing were only partially necessary; the last has been made to do duty for all the three. So that we begin education by endeavouring to make very clever children, and too often succeed in making very unprincipled ones, who grow up, their thoughts, words, actions, habits, principles connected with, and to a certain extent depending on, the working of an organism which, not having been placed in harmony, works almost always discordantly. So that when at last moral and religious teaching comes,—a poor, scanty, muddy stream it is we afford even at the best!—it comes from those whose own system is usually in dis-

order, and rarely finds a calm, rational, peaceful consideration from Common Sense, but according to the particular disturbance of the organism is received, modified, dismissed: here, blown into the blaze of enthusiasm; there, quenched in the frozen tide of unbelief; tinged and coloured by the prevailing tendency of the individual: here, an impulse without reason; there, a mere form without life; and even as milk serves to nourish both the lion and the lamb, so the same blessed Gospel is turned to pride in the Pharisee, to ice in the Unitarian, to fire in the bigot, to passion in the nun, to blood in the inquisitor, to craft in the Jesuit, to bitterness in the Puritan. Each drinks of the same Waters of Life; but they are turned to gall in one, to blood in another, to acid in a third, or curdled in a fourth, because the organization is differently disordered in different individuals. True moral training, moral discipline, training for heaven; the gentleness, the innocence, the guileless life; the love that believes, the charity that bears, the golden rule to do as you would be done by—all directed, harmonised, tempered, blended together, chastened by Common Sense (which is the exercise of the reasoning faculty applied in due measure, according to certain laws, to all matters of whatsoever kind in which a man is concerned);—who tries this pleasant pathway to heaven? Who is so trained up in his tender years? What school thus trains children in the way they should go? The very infant brain is vexed by the schoolmaster, instead of calmed by the physician, and takes in, for the voyage of life, a cargo of mixed merchandise, consisting of Greek metres, Roman antiquities, the laws of motion, tare and tret, book-keeping, political economy, statistics, geology, Homer's

warlike ideas, and the morality of Epicurus, with a heavy ballasting of prejudices in the ingot below all; when it wants nothing but harmony within and love around, open air, pleasant exercise, sweet converse, and a few short, easy tales of what Christ was and what man must be.

And our labouring classes are dismissed early to the work of life with the power to read, and all sorts of penny-garbage at their disposal, their physical errors uncured, and scarce a moral lesson taught them. To teach a boy, first of all, by quiet advice, mixed with such harmonic remedies as shall calm the brain, quiet the nerves and cure his leprosy, to control his own tempers and passions, and then to love God because He first loved him, and his neighbour as himself—dear heart! how the neighbours would smile at such a school! What, not cultivate the intellectual faculties until the physical frame was perfect, and its working normal, and the impending hurricane of earthly passions dissipated? Why, who ever heard of such a system? No, let the new-born babe be lulled to rest with opium; and then let it be, by the ingenious processes of wet-nursing and vaccination,^h inoculated with other leprosies than its own. After that, let mercury do its work on the delicate glands and nerves, and then let the uncured, uncalmed infant brain, heaving and surging with its own abnormal excitement from within, be well stimulated by forced lessons—be duly taught a farrago of meaningless matter—receive the due impulse from Ovidian song or the heathen mythology—or solve quadratics, compose precocious airs, and live in tumultuous and incessant action, odours, lights, wine, society, coffee, rivalry—and then let the boy learn the catechism of

his own creed, the Shibboleth of his own bitter sect, and imagine that Christianity consists in squabbling for his own form of faith and living for himself—by and by, when his toneless nerves and flagging brain refuse to carry on the “FIGHT OF LIFE,” he can call in the doctor, whom he ought to have had by his cradle, and when his last summons comes, he can send for that spiritual teacher whom his ignorance, his fears, or his anger may have chosen, and so begin that education for heaven which should have been the object of his whole life. From his cradle he has been left, unformed by the early discipline of the moral feeling, to the full sway of that compound motion which results from the synchronous impulse of the tendency to sin bequeathed by Adam, and the tendency to disorder arising from physical causes. The two leprosies run in couples; and the chronic disorder of the machinery for ever spurs and whips up to passion and self-indulgence the evil longings of the heart. And what is the result? Aye, brethren, what is the result, in a land of thinking men—men living under a grey sky, in a land of blue eyes, fair complexions, phlegmatic temperaments, where the pale sun can scarce stir the blood to motion, where eyes lack lustre, and hearts calculate rather than cling?

Children scolded, boys beaten into good behaviour, quarrels in every family, discord about every truth, party in politics, sects in religion, bitter prejudices, furious zeal, blind bigotry, angry separations; a hundred thousand young females in one city—turn thy complexion there, Patience!—living the worst of lives, earning the worst of wages from the worst of mankind; a score of thieves in every street, and yet your gaols full

to the skylight; juvenile delinquency that you cannot punish, and dare not pardon, and the questions What shall we do with our criminals? What shall we do with all these infant convicts? What shall we do with our poor? rising into more terrible importance every day, and looking like thunder-clouds in the distance to pour down, ere long, a terrible tempest on society. Add to all this “dark fact” the excessive amount of aberration of the intellect, the idiots, the epileptic, the lunatics, real or supposed, the myriads whose eccentricities give them a full claim to admission to any lunatic asylum they might prefer, the goodly crop of Folly,ⁱ in a word, which is gathered into our garner annually. All this is the result of either neglecting all education, or else of fostering that which is intellectual, while the physical is unknown, and the moral postponed. Man in total ignorance is a beast. Man, intellectually educated, but with his moral education incomplete and his physical education unthought of, is just what you see the masses to be,—a creature of solid prejudices, rarely able to exercise his reason in every matter, mistaking impulse for wisdom, his own fancies for God’s truths—now a lunatic, now an idiot—a great genius on one point, a great simpleton on every other—a knave or a dupe according as his idiosyncrasy predominates—a slave to his passions, following blindly wherever they lead him, whether fear take him into superstition or lust into guilt; here, dead in trespasses and sins, without a thought of the future; there, howling in sackcloth at the dictates of a mortal like himself, for some imaginary crime.

But the dawn of a better day is appearing. Old things are passing away; and it is from a right under-

standing of the true province and powers of medicines, and the true application of them, that that dawn is to spring. We contend that medicines being those substances or agents which exercise an extensive influence on the thoughts, feelings, and actions of man, the art of medicine should be the art of applying those agents in such a way, on such principles, in such doses, and at such times, to the human organism, as that the greatest possible amount of not only health, harmony, well-being, and comfort, but also of wisdom, well-doing, virtue, and excellence they are capable of producing shall be secured. We contend, therefore, that to apply them merely to the cure of actual malady (in the present sense of the word) is to restrict the art to the least valuable of its uses. We contend that the action of these medicines on the human organism having been first thoroughly explored, should be directed to cure, it is true, the few cases of acute disorder which would then present themselves, but more especially to prevent all other disorder; to expel the psoric miasm BEFORE it develops itself in actual malady, not afterwards, because then it is too late to do what ought to be done. And following out the reasoning and appealing also to experience, we assert that medicine improperly applied is the curse of the world, because then it excites or intensifies those sensations which it ought to quell; that properly applied to cure actual, acute disorder, it does a part of its duty: but that its real and proper and primary duty is to produce order and harmony in the system as early as possible,—that therefore it is the faithfullest friend of education, and is the true handmaid of the Gospel.

So soon, therefore, as the infant opens its eyes on the

light (if not before), so soon does the medicine of love begin its efforts to bring about harmony in the internal mechanism. Guided always by the axiom that the very smallest possible dose of medicine adequate to produce the desired effect should be given, and never exceeded because all such excess introduces some discord or other, the very science of harmony you see it is, it loses not one moment in striving by "gentle means and easy tasks" to cleanse the constitution of the perilous stuff that has been mixed up in the very well-spring of life, before it has acquired permanent power over the system ; Carefully noting, first, all that is abnormal in the infant—all the cries for help which vitality is most expressively putting forth, which we call symptoms—and then observing, as carefully, all the peculiarities of the little patient, all that individualizes it, all the idiosyncrasies of habit, appearance, manner, every peculiar motion, expression, action, and the whole tendency of the character and temper as far as possible, so as to give as complete a picture as possible of the individual in question, the true art of cure selects with the greatest exactitude that particular agent which has an elective affinity for the disturbed organs in such an individual. The affinities and actions of each agent in nature on the human organization have been well and cautiously explored by experiments on that organization, when undisturbed. Applying, then, the one harmonic agent which is adapted to the existing state, in such doses as the innervation requires, it quells disorder where it exists without exciting any anywhere else, and so introduces harmony and order in the unconscious infant, at first with and by means of the mother's milk, and afterwards by such doses as the babe can bear.

And even in the very dawning blush of life thus placed in harmony, unconscious of violence, never having had its poor little brain maddened, or its delicate nerves excited, or experienced any working whatever but the sweet harmony that God made within, and surrounded as it ought to be (and by and by will be) by harmony without, the babe increases in wisdom as it increases in stature, and grows up in peace, calm, and comfort, in a fit state to receive the first dew of grace. The medicine of love has prepared the soul for the Gospel of love. The seed of the Word will soon strike root in such a soil, and bring forth much fruit; not the fruit of thievery and crime, afflicting folly and snarling religion that exists at present, but a wholesome crop of sensible actions and sound opinions ripened by the steady rays of reason and religion. Growing up thus amidst calm and sunshine and love and harmony induced by the medicine of harmony, the education of the young candidate for heaven commences. The first care of the parents is, by proper dynamic medicines (for medicines in a brute, material state, having a totally different action on the human organism, are perfectly useless or rather merely injurious,) to eradicate all those psoric tendencies which cause or increase all our aches, pains, ill-temper, obstinacies, rebellions, cachexies, and all chronic diseases. Life in the beginning does so long for harmony, that if thus gently aided, it soon overrides all discordant tendencies. The molecular attraction proceeds normally. The infant develops into a normal child of the normal type, in whom all tendencies to irregularity, whether of body or mind, growth or disposition, are much weakened and simplified. It has never been exacerbated by frantic doses of powerful medicines, never been excited

by poisonous diet, never been beaten into obstinacy, never imitated the quarrels of its elders, never been spoiled into selfishness, never indulged into evil tempers ; continuing the physical education, and watching carefully the cries which life utters for assistance, in order to relieve her just where and when she wants aid—never by mere palliatives, but always by dynamic remedies whose energumenic power, akin to life itself, has been subtilly awakened and called forth from the brute mass in which it lay slumbering, and, if well chosen, will by its unfailing elective attraction restore to life at the very spot, by the very nerve wherein it labours, the very **FORCE** in which it is deficient,—you commence the moral and religious training of the child. Plain, simple, easy, and charming is **THE GOOD NEWS OF GREAT JOY** : and when its pleasant parables are read to a young child which has been thus first of all healed as God bade us do, whose nature has been thus prepared for them,—that nature drinks them in as the thirsty sand does rain ; for they were intended for “ little children,” or those who “ become as such.” You explain the Gospel ; you teach your child that God is the source and centre of all that is loving—that “ **LOVE** created him for love,”—that sin brought sorrow, and ever will do so—that **LOVE** redeemed him, and intends his happiness in both worlds ; that when a child loses his temper he makes **HIMSELF** miserable ; that whenever he follows God’s laws, he is happy ; when his own fancies, unhappy. You explain that he may always find out what God wishes, because that which is **TRUE** is that which God wishes ; that which is **FALSE** is what God does not wish ; that God has given to him **REASON** to enable him to know what is **TRUE** from what is **FALSE** ;

and that prejudices and passions are his worst enemies, because they make that which is false appear like that which is true; and then you show him that God's laws are the very paths which He has marked out "for man to walk in" because there is no happiness out of them. You show him how, when "BELIEVING A LIE" (for that was the cause of the first sin) ruined man, BELIEF IN THE TRUTH redeemed him, leaving him, as the cure for all his sorrows, these solemn commands, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself."

Amid all this teaching, made in every way interesting, you never let one harsh word escape you. You show your child that harshness and scolding and ill-temper are mere disorder—jarring notes in heaven's holy music. Sticks and whips and frowns your child knows nothing of; they are not wanted where reason rules; and reason *may* rule^k wherever the sick has been healed and the leper cleansed.

And when, after a long-continued medical treatment, followed up by a moral and religious education of this sort, at times, under the spurring of the original leprosy, evil tempers, jealousies, obstinacy, coveting, pride, ambition, revenge, and other mischievous diseases and tendencies WILL break out, never punish—never frown—never reprove! First appease the irritability of the material frame and restore harmony by harmonic medicine, and then lead the child by reason back to love. And THEN, when the internal harmony of the system is pretty well secured, and the whole machinery of the body is in pleasant rhythmical working, and love has built his throne in that young heart and there reigns

undisturbed, and the most ardent promptings and impassioned aspirations are all chastened and attuned by Religious Principle, and plain, calm Common Sense has learned to control the deepest feelings which in man disordered swell into stormy passions,—THEN, and not till then, you may commence that education—intellectual, professional, whatever it be—that is required: or if labour be his lot you may permit your “healed” and “cleansed” disciple to shake hands with the plough or the spade, or to make acquaintance with the loom,—watching over his youth as long as you can, to check by medicine and advice every approach of those enemies of man’s happiness, evil animal passions and worldly lusts. And when you have brought about THIS sort of education—that is to say, when you have fulfilled your Redeemer’s instructions, and first healed the sick and cleansed the lepers, and THEN preached the Gospel to them, the great SOCIAL PROBLEM, which has puzzled so many generations, and this one most of all, is solved. You will find the attraction to evil of such an one reduced to a minimum. The judgment of such an one will be calm, collected, normal. He will use his reason in all cases, investigate before he decides, hear both sides of a question before he forms his opinion. All prejudice he will discard; all passion he will subdue. He will use the world as not abusing it, enjoy temperately those many pleasures which a gracious God has placed at his disposal, avoid excess of all sorts, and his whole career will be one pleasant hymn of praise to that gracious Maker who has sent medicines to cleanse his leprosy and heal his sickness, and the Gospel to pour sunshine over his life and save his soul. Out of such a child so brought

up, so treated, so taught, you will never make a drunkard, a thief, a murderer; you will never find him a great conqueror or a great gambler, in a gaol or a lunatic asylum, spouting froth instead of speaking reason, or doing anything that a calm, intellectual, thinking, responsible being ought not to do. For all THAT is sickness, and in him the sick has been healed. THAT is all leprosy, and in him the leper has been cleansed. And when harmonic medicines had lapped the whole organization in that sweet repose which springs from the normal interworking of all its parts; when no organ was abnormal in relative size, no nerve was irritated, no function was disturbed, no fibre trembled under the passage of discordant electricity; and the blood ran calmly, and the heart beat truly, and the cool brain, unmaddened by shocking treatment, storm-compelling medicines or exciting diet, worked evenly and smoothly, then did the blessed News of Great Joy fall on him in power and spirit; for it is just that one thing which man in his normal state wants. God made man to believe and worship, and irreligion is the daughter of internal disorder. It is your beating and scolding, your alcohol and mercury, your bad systems, bad medicines, bad teaching, and bad training, that make of the "uncleansed" leper and "unhealed" man your no-Christian or your Christian so very unlike Christ: that plunge mankind into every eccentricity and every extravagance and every excess. And in harmonic medicine there is a cure for all these excesses, and in it the Gospel finds its fitting handmaid. And then truly the words of Jesus find their solution; and he who so preaches the Gospel will find no devils or devilish lusts or devilish passions resist

him; no dead so dead in trespasses and sins that he cannot imitate his Master, and say, "Out of the deep gloom and horrible darkness of vice, guilt, and ignorance, Lazarus, come forth!" and he that lies there shall arise and come forth.

I speak now, brethren, of what harmonic medicine is to do for the human race when you and I lie cold and quiet in our graves. Long years must pass before all this budding promise shall burst forth into blossom. Leprosy uncleansed, large doses of medicine, bleeding, bad education and bad example, all flowing down from our forefathers, have done their work on us. You cannot untwist the gnarled limb of the oak-tree which the lapse of ages has hardened into its present fantastic shape. You cannot wash away the profound prejudices and frenzies that for thirty centuries have been cut in deep Runic characters on the human mind. Old things pass away but slowly: and harmonic medicine has yet many a hard campaign to fight, and many a bold and bitter adversary to subdue, and many a treacherous friend to unmask, and many an ambushed error to dislodge, and many a long-treasured lesson to unteach.

Would, too, that opposition of this sort were all it had to contend with! But, alas! of all the sciences which God has spread out before man, this science of harmonic medicine is by far the most difficult. Think on the complex machinery and most delicate workmanship of the human frame! Think of the many influences which disturb it! Think on the myriad agents (all powerful to PRODUCE disorder), ONE ONLY capable of producing order! Who is sufficient for such things? Fools may rush in where angels fear to tread;¹ but what thinking disciple of Hahnemann does not often mourn

bitterly over his want of knowledge, and say, "My leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!"

Step by step, out of the gloomy and baleful forest in which so many generations had miserably lost their way and perished, the great Master has brought his disciples to the sunlight and the seashore; but there lies beyond that a measureless, trackless ocean of truth; and who shall pilot the bold adventurer across it? He launched forth upon that dark ocean with a stout heart did that courageous old man! and steering by the polar star of experiment he would have won his way to new worlds and buoyed out the channel and left a chart of that dangerous navigation to mark out the course for all who came after him. Alas! what buoys soever he laid down are all washed away; his chart, whatsoever it were, hath perished! And who shall now grasp the tiller that his hand held until the very last pulse of life; and who shall now teach men to steer their way to the brighter climes that lie beyond this starless sea?

And yet, brethren, in spite of hot enemies and cold friends, war without, treachery within, profound ignorance on the part of the public as to the real nature of this system, and ignorance far more profound on the part of some of those who practise it, with all possible hindrances, amidst all possible difficulties, this sweet art of harmony is spreading over the world with far greater rapidity than any discovery was ever yet known to do; it is already healing the sick as they never yet have been healed, and doing for man, not all that God permits to be done for him, but far more than has ever been done for him hitherto. And I know that the statistics of this Hospital will soon show the immense

difference that exists between the new system even in its infancy, and the old system with all possible advantages to back it. Nor is it only in the pains it cures, in the passions it calms, in the normal tone of thinking, feeling, and acting it restores, that you must compare the two. You must not forget the evil it does not do, the pains it does not give, the passions it does not excite, the intellect it does not overthrow, the judgment it does not disturb, the martyrs it does not make. Why, brethren, if I asked for your support for this Hospital on the plea that nothing but powdered sugar was to be given in it instead of the savage remedies of the old school, I should claim that support with almost confidence.

But, after all, it is not because we shall send home a few patients quietly and lovingly cured and uninjured by the process that I ask your support. A far weightier reason dictates this appeal: it is this. The medicine of harmony and the medicine of discord have not one single thing in common. Their axioms are different, their objects different, their working different, their results different; and so, of course, the studies connected with them,^m and preliminary to them, must be different. The great want of the new science, therefore, is a school of our own, wherein the principles of harmony may be taught and explained to students. It is in the hope of persuading you to support such a school in connection with this Hospital that I have ventured to address you to-day. The sick claim it at our hands, and I think they have a right to claim it; but it is not the mere hope of mitigating a few pains that causes this appeal. It is not because whole families are rendered desolate by the scarlet fever; it is not because whole

streets are depopulated by the cholera ; nay, brethren, it is not even because, with the new system, we have a fair chance of seeing our children grow up in tolerable health, mortality everywhere immensely diminished, and suffering almost eliminated : not even for this, however desirable, should I have ventured to press on you this question as I do. It is because, in the first place, our great Master has solved all the difficulties of our social state ; but chiefly because, when the old system shall have quite vanished from the earth and the new one be established, **THEN**, for the **FIRST TIME**, will the Gospel of the kingdom of grace be preached as Jesus ordered it to be preached, and received as God intended it to be received, and produce such effects on the progress and destiny of man in both worlds as its Divine Author intended. Then, for the first time, shall the Gospel of the Son of God have free course ! Then, for the first time, shall reason have fair play, and untrammelled by authority, undislocated by the inharmonious working of her mortal machinery, unbewildered by the fog and storm caused by mighty doses acting on the already disordered frame, sit in calm judgment on all matters that come before her. Then, for the first time, shall Truth be as she came from God : not here blue, there black, and anon green, according to the physical malady of each individual ; not assuming ten thousand fantastic shapes, like wreaths of vapour from a locomotive, according to the disorder of each one concerned. Every eye then, purged of its physical defect, shall see truth like every other ; and as truth is but one, though opinions be many and conflicting opinions prove nothing but that many people live in error, so when the

material machinery by which the intellectual work is carried on shall be in normal working order, and all the complex organization which God has built up as a dwelling for the soul shall be in complete harmony, then, at last, mankind shall be enabled to form one judgment about every matter submitted to them. Then, at last, no scoffing Pilate shall say, What is truth?

For myself, brethren, the humblest of the advocates of the sweet art of harmony, if I have presumed to speak too boldly, as being entitled neither by position nor by talents to do so, let it be forgiven me on the plea that I passed nearly seven years of the happiest part of my life and the wisest of his, at the feet of one whose dwelling was in the higher regions of calm philosophy, far above that disastrous tract in which the storms of party are born, wherein the lightnings of controversy do nestle, in that crystal sphere where Majestic Truth sits, calm, cold, unruffled. The lowliest herb that grows drinks in, according to its powers, a little of that same gracious rain wherewith God nourishes the stateliest forest oaks ; and even I have so far profited that I know what the new system means, proposes, and is about to do. It is not one like myself who ought to speak to such an audience on such a subject, were it not for the accident which placed me for some years in habits of intimacy with the glorious Founder of it: for, from the lofty position which he occupied, he showed me the new art of harmony, "just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the sphere it was just beginning to move in, glittering like the morning star full of life and splendour, and joy." They whose darkness has not yet been scattered by this

bright rising science, who sit yet in the profound night of the "good old times," midst blisters, and bleedings, and burning, and cutting, and sawing; midst poisonous leeches and hideous doses of many medicines mixed without method, ordered on no principle, they call us dreamers and visionaries, cheats, and impostors; aye, and many things besides. "Damnant quod non intelligunt,"—I SPEAK THAT WHICH I DO KNOW! If they have not yet found the key of knowledge themselves they shall not prevent others from entering in; and therefore to the public of this land I make this appeal.

Mothers! do you wish to see your children washed clean of that leprous tendency to disease which fills our graveyards with sweet young flowers cut off untimely," and which, to those who survive, transmits a legacy of pain, sin, and sorrow? THEN AID US!

Fathers! do you wish to see your sons grow up faithful Christians and sensible men, with a normal allowance of health, able to use calmly the reason which God has given to man for his comfort here, far from all extravagance and all eccentricity, holding a course of life steady, reasonable, religious—such a course as man, healed, God-fearing, and intellectual should hold? THEN AID US!

Governors of God's heritage, Monarchs, Parliaments, Magistrates! There is a gloomy thundercloud collecting on the horizon, rolling its deep masses over the face of day, threatening, lurid, portentous, but no man knows exactly of what. It is called Socialism, Communism, the Rights of Man, the Rights of Labour, the Red Republic. It is earnest, dark, sombre, avenging. It has been lashed up by hunger, low wages, glaring in-

equality, wicked passions of psoric origin, roused by alcohol and medicines, maddened by burning eloquence. It has no strain of gentleness in it. It is arrested neither by ridicule nor menace. There is not one smile or one jest hidden beneath its fantastic swirls. The sword has cleft it, but it reunites more baleful than before. The cannon has poured its iron hail against it, but it rolls on as dense and as red as ever. The priest has cursed it,—society trembles to hear of it ; but there it hangs, in the calm that precedes the earthquake, baffled perhaps, but biding its time, till the “ hour come and the man.” Shall I teach you to draw the lightning quietly from it ere it bursts upon your throne and your altar and piles all your institutions into one heap? AID US.

Religious body of this land ! how long have you preached the Gospel and poured forth a broad stream of God’s holy word with most inadequate results ? Cast your bread on THESE waters, and you shall, I promise you, find it after many days. What have you been doing for so many years ? You raise princely revenues—you scatter the Scriptures everywhere lavishly : what crop do you raise ? what fruit do you gather into your garners ?

We have said it already—gaols, gin-palaces, terrible crimes for which scarcely the siege of Jerusalem could find a parallel, bands of prostitutes gathering round the dome of St. Paul’s. Why, what arch fiend mocks thus your efforts ? How is it that hell doth thus enlarge her borders in the very homestead of the Gospel ? You send that Gospel over the land ; it contains one solemn system of unity, built upon one awful truth ; it preaches peace ; it enjoins one baptism ; it contemplates one

faith, one doctrine; it calls all men to harmony and unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. What have you got instead? Surely the Gospel we PREACH is not the Gospel we LIVE? What have you got? Why, you cannot name any one truth in that blessed Book on which all parties are agreed. You have got every possible shade of opinion, each appealing to the same book. Every shade has its tabernacle, preacher, and congregation. That book is stamped on every corner of every page with this new Commandment, “Love one another;” and the only doctrine which all parties recognise is that of hating each other very bitterly, as if all the duties of Christian to Christian were summed up in the text, “Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight,”—until aghast at the confusion some are driven, in complete bewilderment and despair, to shelve their own opinions totally, and leave to an elderly gentleman in a foreign country—the least qualified perhaps in the whole universe, by education and training, for that office—the office of deciding on what is true! You call all this the right of private judgment on the one hand, the authority of the Church on the other. I know it to be all a pure disorder of the mind.

Religious public! you have not comprehended the Gospel you teach. You have preached the kingdom of Grace without first healing the sick and cleansing the lepers. Arise now and do your duties in a new way. God’s truth will then flourish in the grandeur of unity and have its due influence on the life of the world; and you will see its results in empty gaols, maiden assizes, and a Christian people untorn by the most shameful of all feuds,—that is, religious feuds. You have squandered

millions and failed in your object because you tried to do what God will not have done, that is, to make the reason of man cleanse that leprosy and cure that disorder which nothing but dynamic medicine is able to do. Would you now make the Gospel strike deep roots into the life of mankind? **THEN AID US!**

And to you, great people of a great nation, you whose language is heard near to both Poles, whose name is spoken with respect at the source of the Nile and in far Cathay, you who have nursed into vigorous life so many discoveries, let not this, the latest and the greatest, appeal to you for one hour in vain. Great Science married to Great Love engendered this holy offspring, and it comes to you on this world of stormy waters as the dove returned to the ark, with an olive-branch. It comes to you to speak to you of peace, of agonies arrested, of calm sleep, of peaceful waking, of anguish charmed, of tears dried, of disuniting ties re-knitted, of breaking hearts bound up. It comes to you to cure your own disorders, to make your children healthy and happy, and having dispersed their inward abnormal tendencies to disorder, and cast out their evil tempers, and straightened their crooked dispositions,—having blunted their hatreds and soothed their obstinacies, and turned the gall of their nature into milk, and calmed all those little outbreaks of anger which ruffle at times the gentlest and fondest dispositions, to educate them for you in the faith and fear of God. And it comes to bring you Truth! not that bitter, unloving, unpleasant wrinkled witch, the Daughter of Disputes, fostered by arguing, fed fat on sectarian hatreds, not HER, but Truth—calm, gentle, fond, loving, catholic—Reason's own sweet child, nursed by Grace in holy

quiet, blessed of God to win the world from ruin. Yes, brethren, it comes to root out of God's heritage error, falsehood, folly, and crime; to clear the film from the judgment of man; to clean and repair the machinery, and place the whole system in proper normal working order. There are those who scoff at it!° Even so. There are those who would destroy it! Even so. There never yet was hope so bright, or promise so fair, or truth so sweet, or tidings so good, but some part of mankind have been found wicked enough to try and quench it! Even so. Of all that has been said yet against this great science, I am not aware of one single word that its advocates need wish unsaid, of one single expression that they need wish qualified, of one calumny that they need wish retracted. Of all the black mud that black hands have thrown at it, there remains not one spot, that I know of, to be washed away. Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. But YOU! —O for your life's sake do no such wrong to the very blessedest and most promise-laden discovery that ever yet rose upon a dark world! You know not, but I know, the price that our “no fabled” Prometheus paid for this precious spark from Heaven's own altar. You know not, but I know,—what it cost to acclimatize that spark, and fan it into flame in our cold world. You know not, but I know—I know well what years of intense toil, made up of what days of suffering, and of what nights of lonely watching—cheered by no sympathising voice—unaided, ununderstood, his portion poverty, rebuke, pain, contempt, every hand against him, every heart cold, every door closed, and yet still and still and evermore lonely labour without almost food or sleep, it cost this man of far view and firm resolve to win this truth

down from heaven to earth. Therefore lift up no hand against it. Essay not to give it cold greeting. Let not yours be the breath that would seek to dim its brightness for one instant; but rather, as soon as you have learned what it proposes to do for man, take up the fine language of old times, and say, “*Deum optimum maximum precor ut istud consilium quam est honestum tam sit et felix.*” For I tell you of a truth, that if you spurn without inquiry that greatest of all the discoveries that man has ever yet made,—that doctrine which promises so much, and in the hands of those who understand it, can and will perform all it promises, and much more!—your suffering posterity, wise like ourselves only when it is too late, will hardly let you rest quiet in your graves.

But little more remains to be said. Some very solemn words of the blessed Son of God—words than which the whole Book of Life contains little more full of deep importance and awful meaning, which have lain neglected and ununderstood for many centuries—have, I trust, in the new system of cure, received their solution—“Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, and preach the Gospel”—and THEN the reign of God on earth shall begin.

Fast and far over the world from this day forth shall, I trust, be the career of harmonic medicine; and wherever it goes it shall be the herald and the handmaid of the Cross. Give us only a school in which it may be taught in its purity, and people who know how to practise it on the true principle—the smallest dose of the right medicine—and ere one white hair shall appear on the head of many here present we will have that medicine in all our cities and in all our villages. We will have it in our nurseries,^p and it shall lull our babes to

rest. We will have it in our schools, and it shall be to our youth for reproof and for correction. We will have it in our gaols instead of punishment, and it shall bring about more reformation than did ever yet the treadmill and the rope. And never yet has the world seen such happy homes and contented families and pleasant firesides, as there shall be wherein the precious new system doth reign. And now, brethren, who will aid us to water this young tree which is, ere long, to drop gladness on the world? It is for this that I appeal to you this day. It is to enable us to receive more sick, and to establish a school in connection with this Hospital, that I appeal to you this day.

There remain yet a few words of the text—inspired words—words of God to man. They are better to conclude with than any words of man. May they ring in your ears, brethren, and cleave to your memories, and penetrate to your hearts! And whenever you hear of, speak of, want, receive, or bestow the art of cure, may these words of God rise up in your minds:

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE!

NOTES.

A, p. 27.

THE parallel passage in St. Luke's Gospel, chapter x. verse 9, is even more distinct and explicit than the text, and seems to indicate clearly enough what is meant. Our Lord there says to the disciples whom He sent out,—

“Into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you,——heal the sick that are therein, and say unto THEM” (*i. e.*, to those who were healed), “the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.” The sick were first to be healed, and THEN and not before, to THEM and not to others, was the Gospel to be preached.

Not one of the many commentators whom I have consulted seems to have the least idea of the meaning of our Lord: not one has touched on it. And yet if the passage be taken in its plain sense—and we will content ourselves with following the paths which God has marked out for us—in how short a time shall we succeed in establishing that Gospel over the world. What a reception would our missionaries meet with, if they preached the Gospel to those whom they had first of all healed! and what success would follow our own efforts if we made the art of cure part of the education of a minister of the Gospel, and preached to those whom we healed first of all.

B, p. 33.

If any practice could have been invented more pregnant with fatal consequences to the health of man than any other, it is that of paying medical men for the medicines administered. If you send for a carpenter, you pay him for the work he does; but in the art of cure alone the principle is reversed, and you pay, not for the work done, but for the quantity of tools employed to do the work, even though the work remain undone; they may have been employed injudiciously, unnecessarily, with no results, with fatal results—still you pay according to the quantity sent. A medicine is that substance which has a most powerful influence in disturbing the organism.

Nil prodest quod non lædere possit idem.

And yet you introduce the principle that when a man is sent for to cure another he shall be paid not for cure but for treatment—not for what he *does*, but for what he *sends*. But, forsooth, this practice is now at an end. Yes! after having sowed the seeds of a vast harvest of misery, vice, crime, and madness over the whole surface of the much-drugged earth.

C, p. 34.

Whatever arguments may be used for or against death punishments, it is in my mind conclusive against them under all circumstances, that in the present con-

dition of man's physical organization, owing to the universal dispersion of the psoric miasm, it is not possible to be quite sure that you are not about to hang a lunatic. A horrible crime *e. g.* is committed which paralyses society, and society indignantly calls for the punishment of the delinquent. Twelve honest cobblers decide the difficult, nice, delicate question whether he was a lunatic or not, and society respectfully bows to the cobblerian decision, and clumsily settles all scores with him by dismissing his soul to judgment, if the twelve respectable cobblers pronounce for it. From what I have seen of man with the psoric taint I should say twelve babes drawing lots would be as likely to secure a correct judgment.

But we cannot much longer keep up these revolting old-world punishments. Let us be grateful to the great Man who has enabled us or rather our posterity to dispense with them; and as to juries, whatever may be or may have been their value as a political institution before printing, it is a pity they survived bagwigs; for as a mode of investigating truth and solving nice and difficult problems they have a strong smack of the wisdom of our ancestors, and are indeed singularly absurd. The problem is this. Given, a very nice and difficult question, on the correct solution of which depends all that a man has of comfort in this life; required to find the individuals most capable of arriving at a correct conclusion about it. The state solves it thus:—take twelve men, the stupidest you can catch, shut them up in a box, let them hear the case, not in a plain story, but bothered by six lawyers, whose success in life depends on the quantity of mud they can raise, then lock them in a room without anything to eat until they all agree.

The Turks solve the problem better and quicker. A crime has been committed—hang some one.

D, p. 37.

To these words I would have added, if I dared, “it should be taught by the same lips and practised by the same hands as those that preach and minister God's Word and Sacraments.” Such, it is clear, was the command of our blessed Lord; and if it is objected that that command was limited to the first disciples, and to the miraculous powers granted to them, I can but answer, not only that nothing of the sort appears in the Bible, but that it is very difficult to comprehend how, when the system of Hahnemann is universally known, and well understood, it can be ultimately practised otherwise than as a “free gift.”

And therefore to my brethren the clergy of this country I do most earnestly recommend the study of Homœopathy. I am persuaded that in no other way can they do so much real good to their poor parishioners. The old system was of no use or value as an aid to conversion; nay, even if it could have been practised by the clergy, it could only have aroused more disorder in the frame, and therefore, added to the difficulty of procuring a reception for spiritual advice. But the system of Homœopathy is entirely a system of harmony. If I did not fear to make this note too long, I could relate cases which would prove amply all I have advanced. I cannot, however, conclude without imploring my reverend brethren to turn their attention to it, to study it, to proceed cautiously with it, and when they see their way a little, to proceed to treat the poorer part of their flocks, not *when* they are sick, but before that; for it is by a continuous treatment, begun in childhood, that they may hope to anticipate disorder, to restore

harmony, to combat the internal psoric tendencies, and to procure a patient hearing and kindly reception of their spiritual ministrations.

E, p. 38.

So many works of a popular character have been written of late years respecting Homœopathy, that every one ought now to be acquainted with its principles. As, however, it is just possible that this discourse may fall into the hands of some who have neither read any of the books in question, nor indeed considered the matter at all, it may be as well to occupy a few pages with a short explanation of it.

The body is a species of machine, made up of various parts and pieces called organs. When all these organs are of the due size relatively to each other, and each does its due portion of work and no more, then order is the result—that is health. But when any disturbance in the internal working of the machinery takes place, we call it disorder, malady, illness, or discord. A vast variety of substances in nature possess the power of disordering the working of these organs when taken into the system; they are called medicines, from the Latin word *mederi*, to cure; because each of them, in addition to its property of creating disorder, possesses, under certain circumstances, another property, that of restoring order. So arsenic creates very distressing disorder in man, but at times cures certain fevers; so ipecacuanha makes people very sick, but at times cures indigestion: prussic acid, nux vomica, opium, mercury, act similarly; in short, no substance can restore order to the machinery when disturbed, that does not possess the property of disordering it when working normally.

Now people are subject to have the machinery of the body disturbed in two ways. First, there is a temporary derangement of it, such as sharp fevers, inflammations, etc., which make a person very ill for a time, and then, if uninterfered with, either kill the patient, or go off. These we call acute disorder; it is a very bad word, but no matter for that, if we understand it rightly. And besides this sort of disorder, there is another sort, which, as it were, belongs to a man and forms part of his constitution. Under this head are included all the peculiarities of temper, disposition, and constitution of any individual. Hereditary insanity is an instance of it; nearness of sight, delicacy of innervation, gout, and so on, through an endless catalogue of irregularities or deviations from the normal condition of man. This sort of discord we call chronic. The word is as little suited to express what we want as was acute, but that is of small consequence if we understand by chronic disorder that irregularity of the machinery which so far belongs to a man, that it will never quit him unless it is “cured” away.

Now, in reasoning about the cure of disorder, we must be supposed to speak of the first of these cases, *i. e.*, acute disorder, because the other sort involves so many other matters and considerations and questions, that our arguments would seem confused. Ultimately the same reasoning may be brought to bear on this species of disorder too. But our present arguments will be confined entirely to the cure of acute disorder.

Now suppose you are attacked suddenly with an inflammation of the eye; it is red, painful, hot, you cannot bear the light. What do you do? Why you put *something to it*. Well, in the same way the old system of medicine acts. You

get a gargle for a sore throat, eye-water for a bad eye ; a lotion for this, a liniment for that, you cut away a corn, you burn away a wart, you apply creosote to an aching tooth, you put salve to sores, and washes to make the hair grow. In short, wherever the disorder is external and apparent, and the doctor can get at it, he applies his medicine at once to the part affected. He does not send you a wash for your toe in order to cure a sore throat, neither does he attempt to cure a whitlow by putting brandy to your tooth. No ! he attacks the seat of the disorder at once ; conveys his medicine to the part affected ; acts at once on the organ which does not work regularly, and so restores harmony.

But there are not many sorts of disorder in which he can thus act. Most of the uncomfortable feelings of man are caused by irregularity in the working of the internal parts and pieces of the body. He can't get at them. He can't put a salve on your liver or apply a wash to your lungs ; so he acts on quite a different principle, viz. this. The body don't like very well to have substances which are not fit for it administered to it internally, and is very apt to get rid of them, if they are exhibited, as speedily as possible. This is the law which our Blessed Maker has laid down for the preservation of the beautiful machinery from injury. So if you put arsenic into the stomach, sickness and diarrhœa are provoked. Ipecacuanha provokes similar discharges. Rhubarb, senna, salts, castor oil, croton oil, and a variety of other substances are, in the same way, speedily ejected either by sickness or diarrhœa, transpiration, or the provocation of some other discharge. Now it is found that these discharges render the individual weaker for the time, but that the effort of the constitution to maintain itself uninjured, which we call reaction, speedily restores the strength which had been carried off by the discharge. And although all these discharges are in reality very injurious, the doctor, not knowing how to get at an internal derangement, provokes them in the hope that the reaction of the constitution against them may carry off both the disturbances together. So he gives a purgative to cure a headache, which is about as sensible as if your servant were to take the hot water to the lady in the drab bedroom, when she was asleep, and it was the gentleman in the bow-window room that rung for it. It is hardly possible that she could profit much by it, and the poor gentleman calls for it, and is not listened to. Even so it is with our poor heads when they call for medicine, and the doctor gives it to the stomach. The stomach is asleep and don't want it ; the head is awake, and wants it, but don't get it ! Now surely that is a pretty confusion ? and a pretty mess ? and a pretty science ? Well ! that is the old system of medicine, nearly ; and a very silly story it is, I can assure you.

But that is not ALL the old system. If the doctor can't act on the organ affected, he gets as near it as he can : they call this counter-irritation. So if the lungs call out for help, not knowing how to get at them, he gets at the outside of the chest, and puts a blister on that. Observe, he gets in this way as near the organ affected as he can. Another part of the old system is to give a name to a certain group of symptoms, and, forming from the existence of those symptoms an opinion that a certain condition of the organs exists inside the body (which may be true and may be erroneous), he gives such medicines, simple or compound, as his respected predecessors in the art gave with, as they said, *benefit* under similar circumstances. The reasoning in this case is not very precise.

Rather a specimen, upon the whole,
Of what the learned call the rigmarole.

And another plan is to insist that there is too much blood in your poor body, and take some of it away; a practice, no doubt, very comforting to the animal spirits, *très rafraîchissant aux entrailles de monsieur*, but still much less practised than formerly, because it was found to be on the whole rather more injurious than beneficial.

Such are the chief devices of the old system of medicine to re-establish order in man. The new system discards all these devices, and says, do with every part or piece of the organism which is working disorderly just what you do with your eye when it is inflamed, with your tooth when it aches, with your finger when it is inflamed, with your stomach when it aches; just what a watchmaker does with a watch that has a wheel injured; just that which the engineer does with that piece of his steam-engine which wants repair, viz. treat the part affected, and not a part which is not affected. Take the shaving-water up to the gentleman, who keeps ringing for it, to be sure, not to the lady at the end of the passage, who don't shave, and is very quiet and don't want it! Oh! say you, that's plain enough; but how do you find out what organ is affected, and then what medicine will go to it? The machinery of the body is very complex: you can't get at the lungs, you can't get at the heart; there are muscles and joints and nerves and tendons and fibres without end; how in the world are you to find which of them all is affected, and how? and then how are you to apply your medicine to it?

The problem is not difficult. Let us take a medicine, any one, aconite for instance. If I give sufficient of it to you and twenty others, all of whom are in health, it will make you all thirsty, hot, feverish; it will give a parched tongue, a hot and dry skin, and a full, feverish pulse. Well, now reverse the case. If you and the same twenty people are ill, and you all complain of thirst, heat, fever, parched tongues, hot and dry skins, and full, feverish pulse, why, if you and the other twenty take aconite, it is very clear that it will then act on the organs which are already affected. Well, you say, so far is very simple and easy. Proceed. What next? What next? nothing! I have told you the whole story. Dear me, you answer, quite mystified, what do you call this? Why a babe could have found this out! I don't know that: the medical profession have been 3,000 years about it, and we call it Homœopathy.

But the truth is, that it is difficult to cope with the old system of medicine, not on account of the strength of arguments by which it is supported, but because it has literally nothing to say for itself. To argue against it is to waste logic, illustration, and metaphor on unresisting imbecility. You can't, even if you try, imagine a metaphor or illustration which shall make it seem so unreasonable as it is in reality. Its whole stock of weapons consists in calling everything else a delusion. It is in vain we say, let us see your arguments; bring forth your strong reasons. They only answer, Delusion, delusion. Pressed still, as they were twenty, forty years ago to give us some facts against Homœopathy, some carefully-made experiments, they say still as they did twenty and forty years ago, Delusion, delusion. In short, Allopathy is a regular mirage. You think you see pleasant water when you are thirsty; come near, and it's only burning sand.

F, p. 39.

Hahnemann, as all those who have read anything of his works know, after many years of patient investigation, traced the origin of all chronic and constitutional disease to three miasms; one and the chief of which is that disease which first appeared in the world as leprosy, but has since, in its progress through so many different organizations and circumstances, assumed the milder form of itch, called in Homœopathy psora.

It would be presumptuous in a mere writer of sermons to say much on this much-vexed question. But he may perhaps be permitted to say that he was rather hard of belief on this point; but that he was at last compelled to acquiesce in the truth of Hahnemann's doctrine. He might adduce many proofs derived from his own experience, were this the place for them. One case, however, may be permitted. He was asked to try and do something for a girl, aged about eleven, suffering under a very severe attack of St. Vitus's dance. The symptoms, as taken down at the time, were as follows. Eyes rolling about; head goes every way; mouth distorted in every shape; limbs in continual agitation; tongue moving continually; absence of thirst; voracious appetite; froth at the mouth; contortions incessant and very shocking; is still, but only for a few minutes, at night. On inquiry he found she had had a severe fall a year before, and that it had been coming on ever since gradually. Secure in the powers of Homœopathy, he anticipated a speedy cure; but his surprise was not small when he found that those remedies which ought to have been purely homœopathic to her case, produced but little result. He hardly supposed that such a case could depend on any miasm; but finding his remedies fail, he asked the parents if she had had the itch, and was informed that she had had it shortly before the fall above spoken of. He gave her a very minute dose of sulphur, which he was previously afraid of doing lest he might excite the nervous system too much, and she was cured of all her contortions in a very short time. It is impossible to avoid connecting the chorea with the itch that preceded it.

The practice has hitherto been to cure this (and other eruptions also) by applications. Applications efface from the skin the external mark of inward discord, but they in no way tend to remove that discord. And brute medicines—that is, substances or agents, whose powers on the human organism have not been awakened by friction with a neutral agent, are incapable of producing a cure when taken inwardly. Indeed, I doubt much whether the syphilitic miasm has ever in any case been completely removed from the constitution by the use of brute medicines, however those medicines may have succeeded in obliterating the external sign of that miasm. I suspect that it will rarely be in the power of even him who uses dynamic remedies to cure permanently any case of chronic disease in an individual in whom the syphilitic miasm has ever existed, without employing mercury. I could give some reasons for thinking so, derived from what I have seen, if this were a fit place. But it is at any rate right that the reader should know that brute medicines are positively utterly useless, on what principle soever they may be applied, for the cure of chronic disorder. The right medicines in the brute state have no power to do any good at all in such cases. But neither must the reader jump to the conclusion that, because the science of Homœopathy will cure chronic disorder, therefore every homœopathic practitioner can do so. That is quite another matter. If the individual do not possess the knowledge necessary, don't let the reader blame the science.

G, p. 40.

If lunatic asylums were laid open to public gaze, and the public saw and knew what lunacy is, and used their reason about the matter, there would be no occasion for a note here. It is of course impossible in such a discourse as this to do any more than merely allude to the subject. But I must say that I have been within the last twenty years at times very much astonished at the influence exercised by proper homœopathic treatment on the tendencies of men: how much their tempers, passions, and proneness to do wrong, and transgress God's laws are increased by disorder and weakened by proper medicine. Those tendencies always remain; we still remain prone to sin after the likeness of Adam's transgression; but they are very much weakened. Indeed, all the irregular tendencies of the mind are much more amenable to reason and the Gospel, after a proper homœopathic treatment, than before. Let me give an instance or two.

A young woman had become gradually afflicted with an irrepressible longing for strong drinks. It grew upon her to such a degree that she could hardly be left alone. It was quite in vain that she was implored by her relatives, reasoned with and informed of the consequences to her own happiness and that of others. It was in vain too that the priest set before her the awful nature of the sin she was committing. None of them could then cast out what Shakspeare so well calls the devil of drink. A friend of mine, a medical man, put her under homœopathic treatment for some time. At the end of that time it was found that the tendency to drink, though not eradicated, was so far removed as to be quite amenable to the voice of religion; and when last I heard of her, she could easily conquer by prayer that temptation which was previously a mere lunacy.

In the same way it is probable that every sinful tendency may be most extensively calmed by long antipsoric treatment.

H, p. 43.

Two methods of injuring the species have been invented by the ingenuity of man. The one is wet-nursing, the other vaccination from the human being. It is in vain that you seek out what are called "healthy" people. You cannot find a person who, either in mind or body, has no latent disorder of the machinery—no psoric taint. And even as the mad dog's tooth leaves in the frame of which it has pierced the skin its own peculiar tendency to disorder, though that tendency may lie weeks and months, nay *years*, without manifesting itself, so the foreign human milk and the human vaccine always leave behind the tendency to disorder of those from whom they came, though it may not show itself at once. My own belief is that, with proper homœopathic treatment in the beginning, to destroy the psoric taint, vaccination would be superfluous: but as that is not yet proved, at least let natural vaccine matter from the cow (not that which has been inoculated from the human being to the cow) be used by all those who value the health of their children.

I, p. 45.

If fifty different animals of the same species be consecutively placed in the same circumstances, each will obey the same instinct or feeling as the others do, and all will act alike. There is a canine normal mode of investigating; there is a bovine normal line of conduct; there is an asinine unity of purpose and design. But with the human race, to whom, instead of instincts, the Almighty has given

intellectual powers of a far higher order, which ought, and, if they were properly used, would lead them more inevitably to the truth, to unity of design and unity of action, the case is, excepting on certain subjects, quite different. Out of a thousand men of full age and average reasoning powers a certain amount will be fit for each extravagance and each folly that can be invented or proposed to them. The fact is, that however sane and sound a man (a leper and unhealed) may be on most points, there is in some part of the machinery a tendency to error which includes the intellect. On some point or other every man (unhealed) is ready to fall into folly. Each of us has his own. It is a purely physical malady. It is in consequence of this tendency of the intellect to participate in the abnormal working of the physical machinery that every impostor finds supporters, and every folly advocates. No opinion of any sort can or ever could be started so exquisitely absurd that one x^{th} part of mankind is not ready to adopt it. Thus one x^{th} of the unhealed human race we will suppose have a tendency to the gout, and one x^{th} part have a tendency to see ghosts; one x^{th} of mankind are subject to headache, and one x^{th} part to various hallucinations; people yearly are attacked with influenza, x people are afflicted with belief in Joe Smith; a certain proportion are prone to catarrhs, a certain proportion to follow Swedenborg into the depths of unintelligibility. There have been Preadamites and Anabaptists, as there are cases of sporadic cholera. In short, every experiment, whether of insanity or knavery, on man will carry off that one x^{th} proportion, whose idiosyncrasy is receptive in consequence of a certain abnormal condition of the physical organization. And I am persuaded that no imaginable theory, hypothesis, or principle can be so absurd as not to find an x^{th} part of mankind fit to receive it. The psoric spring of folly, which takes its rise in the depths of some disordered organization, receives tribute from all those similarly disordered, until it widens at last into a larger or lesser stream. Goosedom, then, for that ought to be its name, is the aggregate of all the errors of the human race; and every opinion adopted without fairly hearing both sides of the question, every opinion founded on feeling, impulse, prejudice, interest, contributes to swell it. Goosedom is usually of psoric origin. It is malady. It may be much ameliorated even in the present generation, by submitting a child very early to proper homœopathic treatment, long continued. It is difficult to mend in grown people or to eradicate in the young. But it seems very probable that two or three consecutive generations of "healed" organizations will see this malady of folly materially mitigated in intensity, provided that, at the proper time and in a truly scriptural manner, religious education be commenced, and the child faithfully and lovingly imbued with the holy and saving truths of the Gospel, which then will be admitted into the heart, and never fail, then, to influence the life.

K, p. 50.

It has always seemed to me very surprising that some system of logic is not among the first things taught to a child. The use of one's tools is the first thing taught in every trade, nay, it is the very foundation of all the rest. Nature sets us the example, too, for she accustoms the young of every animal to begin very early to exercise those powers which will be wanted in after-life. And the human race, having to depend on their reasoning faculties, should be brought up from

the beginning to use them, and understand the difference between true and false reasoning. And it is really surprising to see what an enormous amount of inconclusive argument passes current in the world, in consequence of logic not forming part of a child's education. People forget that there is no subject whatever in which arguments cannot be found to prove either side of the question, and are quite satisfied with that view which falls in with their prevailing tastes or habits. Take any one of the questions which has made a stir of late years, and try it by this rule—Teetotalism, for instance. The reasoning on the question, narrowly examined and sifted, and reduced to the rules of logic, would stand thus:—

1. Excess in drinking is a very degrading and disgraceful sin.
2. A cannot avoid drinking to excess if he once begins to take any fermented liquor.
3. Therefore—the syllogism requires, if the reasoning is to be correct—*therefore* A should cautiously abstain from tasting fermented liquor at all.

That would be correct reasoning ; but what we get instead, is—

3. *Therefore*, B C and D should make a vow to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

And that is an inconsequence, and a false conclusion. Really, judging from all the conversions we read of, here from Popery to Protestantism, there from Protestantism to Popery, now from this Church to that, anon from that to this, and the incessant similar interchange of opinions on every subject, which makes life to resemble a great game of commerce, in which every letter of the alphabet is for ever throwing down some opinion of his own, and picking up that of some one else, who picks up his instead, one would be apt to conclude either that there was no such thing as truth, or else that logic should be carefully taught to everybody very early in life. There is no subject, perhaps on which more ignorance of the art of reasoning is shown than on this one of Homœopathy. “Don't tell me of your little pills,” says a stout gentleman, who has been used to the *fortiter in re* of the old story, “why I could swallow your whole case, bottles and all.” Who said you could not, sir? All we say is, that the medicine which has an elective affinity for the disordered organ should be chosen, and given in the least possible doses adequate to produce action on it. What those are, experience alone must determine. The question at issue is, whether a medicine should be given which has a reference to the disorder, or one which has no reference to it at all. But it must be acknowledged that it requires a good average amount of Christian patience to bear the answers we sometimes get.

L, p. 53.

Perhaps nothing has so much tended to retard the progress of Homœopathy as a science as the publication of so many “Vade-mecums,” or “Guide-books” to the manner of practising it. It may be very desirable indeed for a young mother to learn out of “little books” what particular agent in nature possesses an elective affinity for a certain disordered part of her darling ; and one can pardon her for believing it to be possible to convey that knowledge and much more, by the royal road of an alphabetical index. But how grave physicians, men of learning and science and skill, who know, themselves, by experience, some of the extreme difficulties of the new system, should attempt to delude the world into

the notion that that system can be practised without injurious results by any one who has not well studied it, is rather surprising.

M, p. 55.

What is called cure in the old system is merely staving off the evil day by very powerful agents, which, like money lent on usury, tend to increase a man's difficulties in the long run. It is in fact mere *palliation*, and that is almost worse than leaving matters as they were, because at some future day the original discord returns, increased by the violent medicine a man has taken. Let the reader note this then—"cure" in the old system is "ruin" in the new. The old system strives to bring about what the new system seeks to avoid; and just that which the old system tries to stifle the new system tries to develope. The new system is based on a law of Nature as sure as that of attraction; the only law of the old system is that which is right in the eyes of the gentleman employed. Harmony is only "true harmony" when it gives the very smallest possible dose of that ONE REMEDY which is harmonic to the existing state. And when it fails to select the One True Harmonic mean, or having well selected the remedy, exceeds by the smallest fraction the least possible quantity adequate to produce the desired effect, it is false to its own principles, and has become discord. The old system may be practised with a thick head, a careless conscience, and a heavy hand. Your dashing practitioner need not regard trifles. But the new system requires, to produce the best results of which it is capable, a delicate hand, a quick eye, a tender conscience, and a perception like the spider's touch that lives along the line. And thus it comes to pass that discord does not speak the same language as harmony, does not understand her objects, means, or words.

But the legislature of this happy land, entertaining for every one of us that fond parental affection which the Chinese government is said to do for the inhabitants of the Central Flowery Land, has DECREED that a certificate, duly endorsed, that a man has attended certain lectures, imbibed certain doctrines, and answered certain questions, connected entirely with the old system, shall answer for the new science also, and give to the individual to whom it has been granted, the power to distribute right and left those remedies of the new system, with which system, with its claims, its powers, its principles, its objects, its very language he is quite unacquainted. In a word the law has decreed that such an one—as blind as a newborn kitten to the powers, properties, doses, literature; or experience of harmonic practice—nay! with his lancet in his pocket, and his Pharmacopœia in his head, to the exclusion of all useful matter; with nothing even *unlearned*, may proceed to treat his patients by it. He may go to bed on a fine starlight Monday night, a happy and contented "general practitioner," mixing many medicines as his fathers mixed them, and giving the "blue" or "green" results (as the case may be) because his fathers gave them; and with Tuesday's sun he may repudiate all he has ever done, acknowledge it to be senseless, erroneous, and injurious, and lay his hand, red with the blood of the Innocents, mightily to dynamic remedies, whose action on the human economy, acute, subtle, penetrating, permanent, he knows nothing of and cannot conceive of; and THE LAW declares he is skilled in Homœopathy, he DOES understand it, he MAY practise it; he CAN treat people properly; and he SHALL treat them so if he likes—TREMBLE, outside barbarians! Now, judging from what has

taken place within the last few years we may safely predict, that in a very few years more the whole of the old system of cure will die out, and be only known as a matter of history. And it does therefore really behove those gentlemen who are the lights of the new system to lose no time in taking active measures for the purpose of forming a school of their own. With the feelings and prejudices of the old system hanging about them still to a certain extent, they, perhaps naturally, endeavour to persuade "the profession" into a belief in Homœopathy, they try to conciliate those with whom they once acted. But all this is fatal to the progress of the science; for if they could succeed in converting a few of them, they would only have changed a few very tolerable allopaths into the same number of very indifferent homœopaths; a little less injury would accrue to the present generation by the change, but a very coarse and bad Homœopathy would be established instead. It is, if the truth must be told, a national calamity and nothing else, when a doctor is converted. Armed with his diploma, he plunges at once *in medias res*, gives pilules, drops, aconite water; mistakes, aggravations for the natural disorder, and plays almost as many pranks with the little single medicines as he did with the compound ones. There is one remedy for all this, and but one, which is, for those gentlemen who have won their way to Homœopathy to lose no time in establishing a school: and they should positively refuse to recognise as a homœopath any medical practitioner whatever who has not studied for a certain time in that school. The true basis of the new system is not merely *similia similibus curentur*; but let the right homœopathic remedy be chosen, and administered in the least quantity adequate to produce the requisite dynamic change in the system.

N, p 58.

It is objected to me that people do die, even under Homœopathy; nay, that even the young at times are carried off by disease in spite of it. It is true. Let us endeavour to prevent as much of it as we can. I am persuaded that the Almighty will never resign into the hands of man the power over life and death; that, in one word, it will never be permitted to man to make the art of cure an art as certain as a problem of Euclid. But yet "He giveth medicine to heal man's sicknesses," and our business is to explore the laws according to which those medicines ought to be administered.

Now, there are two very great errors existing in our present treatment of patients by Homœopathy, and until those errors are quite eliminated we shall never succeed as well as we might do. One error is the enormous doses given. And on this point I can only say that whatever doses may or may not be necessary to cure acute disorder in such patients as have never been submitted to a previous long treatment for the purpose of curing their psoric tendencies,—for acute disorder in those who have been so previously treated, and for chronic disorder in all patients,—doses very much smaller than those in use are the only safe ones. I defy any man to eradicate chronic disorder from the constitution with such doses as homœopathic practitioners in general give.

And in the next place, people, accustomed to the old system, never think of sending for medical advice for a child, *until he is ill*, which is just the worst time possible. If you would give your child the benefit of all that God permits to be done for him, get some honourable, skilful homœopathic practitioner, who really understands his science, to treat him properly for the first three years

of his life. If he is properly treated then, he will have comparatively few attacks of disease afterwards.

I knew once a sad case—a fine boy—and one whose death caused much deep mourning. The family were homœopaths, but only skin-deep. They were not penetrated with the esoteric doctrines of the glorious science. I told my friend, Dr. —, who attended the family, ten years ago, “Young — is very delicate and very psoric, now is the time to treat him and bring about a crisis, if they wish to save him ; for by and bye, disorder will attack him, and he will have a hard struggle then. Every month is now precious.” Alas !

Si qua fata aspera rumpas

Tu Marcellus eris !

But it was not to be so ! and a noble boy perished, and poor Homœopathy bore the blame of the parents’ want of knowledge and the doctor’s supineness.

O, p. 62.

One word as to the little doses, against which patients protest so indignantly.

The word Homœopathy, if rightly interpreted, does not exactly mean small doses. But as a sick man can’t carry a sack of flour as easily as he could when well ; as a man with a leg lately broken cannot bear his whole family on his knee as he used to do ; as a man who has the gout in his toe cannot bear to have that toe trod on without roaring out, so your inflamed organ, whatever it be, cannot bear the same load of medicine. Experience alone has brought us down to these little doses. The good old system, which acts on any organs but those that want to be acted on, was not troubled with any niceties in the business. But the new system, having to convey its medicines to organs already highly irritated, was obliged to modify its onslaught, for it required but little to make the irritated organs roar again. In short, the maxim of the medicine of Love is *tuto, cito et jucundé* ;—act directly on the disturbed organs, and no other, with the least possible doses, and *rem acu tetigisti*. And the patient who cries out on account of the smallness of the dose and wants more, may be a very worthy individual and highly respected in his parish, but he certainly is not a very wise man. Alas ! patients may pluck up their courage ; it is not, I fear, in our day that too little medicine will be given.

After all, the discoveries of Hahnemann have taken the question out of the old route. It is no longer a question of more or less matter, but of elective attraction, whose intensity is not measured by weight or size.

P, p. 63.

I wish with all my heart I could find language, not to convert the world to my opinions,—I have no such Quixotic notions,—but to express my own convictions as I feel them. Alas !

Cupidum pater optime vires

Deficiunt.

I can but warn all parents, therefore, in plain words, that if they do not employ a proper, scientific, and well-directed homœopathic treatment for their children, they will never grow up either in mind or body as normal as they would with it. Every year, nay every month, at the beginning of life is most precious, and quite irrecoverable. Ten years of treatment in after-life will not compensate for the want of it in the beginning.

